

Nation's BUSINESS

NOVEMBER 1951

A GENERAL MAGAZINE FOR BUSINESSMEN





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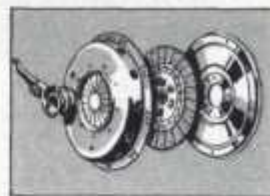
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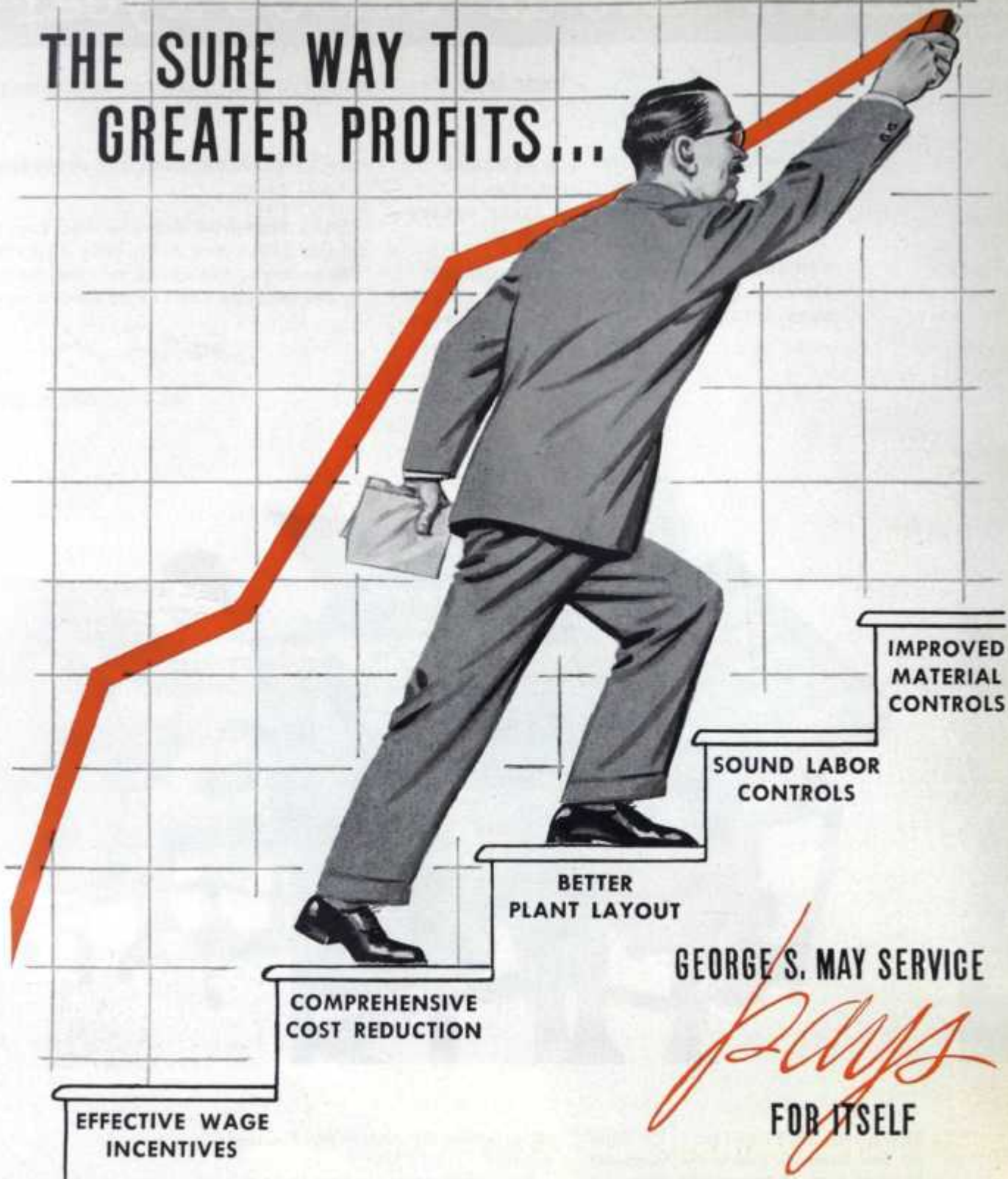
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Nation's Business



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No. 11

Management's Washington Letter		9
By My Way	R. L. Duffus	12
TRENDS OF NATION'S BUSINESS		19
The State of the Nation	Felix Morley	
Washington Scenes	Edward T. Folliard	
American Empire	Holmes Alexander	27
Good will holds a far-flung defense line		
But Spirit Was Undampened	George Scullin	30
Kansas City's saga of recovery		
Nobody Loves the Collector	Milton Lehman	33
One federal agency that gives you nothing		
The Town That Sold Itself Safety	J. C. Furnas	37
What can happen when people get tough		
I Cooked My Own Goose	Laurence Greene	39
Experiment and audacity in the kitchen		
Middle-Class Squeeze	Henry F. Pringle	42
Easy Street is gone for the \$12,000 man		
Duel at Greasewood Flats	Calvin J. Clements	44
The man who would barter his life for peace		
Home Sweet Home Town	Arthur Gordon	47
A contest where nobody loses		
\$1,200 Gets the Bird	David Landman	52
Science Sets a Spy Trap	William A. Ulman	54
Keeping secrets secret		
His Prowl Car is a Dog Sled	Robert M. Hyatt	58
Casebook of a Spark Detective	Emile C. Schurmacher	62
All-Purpose Boat of the Bayous	George N. Hebert	86
NB Notebook		91
A Plucked Bird Lays No Eggs		94

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NATION'S BUSINESS for November, 1951

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AMERICAN airpower is either a helping hand or a cocked fist within easy reach of friend or foe. That, in capsule form, is the impression that Washington columnist **HOLMES ALEXANDER** brought back from a recent 10,000-mile flight for **NATION'S BUSINESS** to our increasingly active Military Air Transport Service bases in the Old World.

These bases, following a curving line from Iceland to the Azores, from French Morocco on the eastern shore of the Atlantic Ocean to Libya on the southern shore of the Mediterranean Sea, are small areas which the local governments concerned have given us permission to use.

How long we remain in these vital outposts depends on how long we are welcome. And what we are doing to cement these friendships is the crux of Alexander's article on "American Empire."

Alexander, a frequent contributor to NB, is at home in most any phase of the writing business. He has been a reporter, biographer, novelist, fictionist, and editorial writer.

LAURENCE GREENE has been a writer for all sorts of media from newspapers to public relations since 1929. In addition he's turned out four books, including "America Goes to Press," a best seller in 1936, and is at work on a fifth, "Tales of a Violent Village: The Biography of Harpers Ferry."

Greene tried movie photography as a hobby before he went into the kitchen to try his hand. As a movie man he was a distinct failure because of the lofty standards he set for himself. A shooting script was a must, so were montages and a sound track.

"When I had ruined several thousand nautical miles of film," Greene confessed, "I decided that I'd better find another hobby. Cooking was it and I like it be-

cause, unlike photography, I can eat what I produce."

THE author of this month's short story, **CALVIN CLEMENTS**, is a new-comer to **NATION'S BUSINESS**. Born



in Jersey City, he now makes his home in Brooklyn where his time is divided among piloting a boat in New York harbor, writing fiction and being a family man. He has three children, ages nine, seven and five.

A few years ago Clements pounded out his first story and promptly sold it. Since then he has sold yarns covering the sea, adventure, mystery, love and sports. "Prior to 'Duel at Greasewood Flats,'" he says, "I shied away from western background stories for the simple reason that west, to me, was merely a direction, and the sound of horses' hooves meant they were off and running at Belmont. However, you can't wade through six guns, sombreros and assorted cowboy gear cluttering up your living room without some of the atmosphere clinging. Hence the Greasewood story."

Right now, Clements is putting the finishing touches on a novel. It has to do with a subject you'd expect to find a pilot hepped on—the sea.

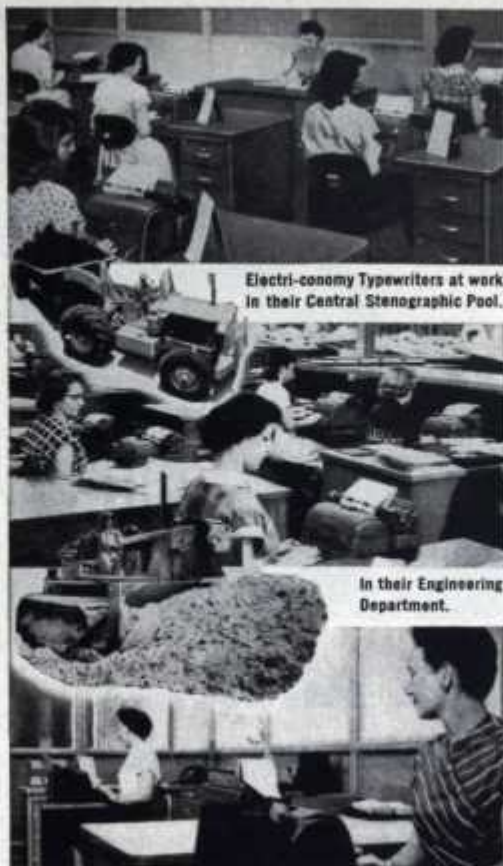
GEORGIA was in a bad way a dozen years ago. In fact, the state was in the throes of an industrial exodus that had meant the loss of a third of her manufacturing plants in two decades. Today Georgia's industry is booming, the value of manufactured goods has shot up a whopping 315 per cent since 1939.



BENDER

How the so-called Empire State of the South had managed to cure her economic ills and go on from there, seemed like a story which would interest many readers. So **ARTHUR GORDON** was sent to find the prescription. You'll find it in "Home Sweet Home Town."

Gordon has been in the editing-writing business since his Rhodes Scholar days at Oxford ended in 1936 and he joined up with *Good Housekeeping* as a reader of unsolicited poems. He was managing editor when the war came along, and the Air Force accepted his



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The many large concerns that have purchased or leased sites on Union Pacific tracts represent diversified lines of industry such as building materials, farm implements, electric appliances, etc.

Hundreds of acres are still available for industrial expansion in the Spokane area.



Choice sites served by Union Pacific trackage are also available at Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Yakima, Walla Walla, Longview and other northwest points. Olympia and Aberdeen-Hoquiam also have large industrial possibilities.

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services for three years. Then came three years as editor of *Cosmopolitan*, and, in 1948, free lance writing.

WHEN WILLIAM A. ULMAN was 12 he moved to Hollywood, where his father was to handle the legal affairs of several of the first members of the then newly formed United Artists outfit. It proved to be the undoing of both father and son: his father because he felt movies were a passing fad and therefore took cash instead of the proffered stock; the son because he became movie struck.

Ulman did not lose his "passion for pix" until he sold a script in 1930 and thus entered the picture business. Since then he has had difficulty in convincing people that he prefers other fields of endeavor. Even the Army put him in the Signal Corps' Army Pictorial Service as soon as he donned a uniform in the past war.

Recently Ulman decided that there's another field that's not for him. After several years in postwar government service, he concluded that he'd rather try writing about bureaucracy than living in it. So that's what he's now doing.

THIS month's cover painting is by JOHN ATHERTON, an artist who need take second place to no man



when it comes to having a checkered career. Born at the turn of the century, Atherton began working during vacations at such varied jobs as miner and machinists helper in a railway yard.

After a brief hitch in the Navy in 1918 he settled in Aberdeen, Wash., tried a few more ways to make a living including shipyard worker, sign painter and member of a jazz band. Music turned out to be his means of going to college and then to art school.

Atherton turned commercial artist in 1926, but continued to paint in his spare time. A \$500 first prize won at an exhibition made it possible for him to visit New York where he decided to live. There he continued his commercial art and painting with increasing success, doing many magazine covers and national advertising campaigns. His pictures now hang in many of the country's leading collections—such as the Metropolitan, Whitney, Museum of Modern Art, Chicago Art Institute and the Pennsylvania Academy to name a few.

WASHINGTON LETTER

✓ **DEFENSE PEAK flattens.**

And so does danger of boom then bust for all business—a prospect posed by peak pattern of arms program.

Expect instead gradual rise in defense production—lifting more easily, smoothly to plateau instead of peak.

Military shows signs of feeling less war pressure. It wants ability to produce, chance to shift emphasis, to accent new developments, improvements, more than it wants production.

Brass hats prefer not to fill warehouses with equipment that might suddenly become obsolete, stand in way of newer designs.

But most important point to businessman is: Flattened peak means steadier outlook, instead of big jump, big drop.

✓ **THERE'S MORE THAN** meets the eye in U. S. production figures.

Only the totals run along smoothly. Figures that make up the totals have been changing steadily.

Part of the economy—the civilian part—is in at least some degree of recession. There's no vigorous expansion, except in defense and defense-related segments.

So the arms program is displacing a receding economy.

That means: If you're in trouble now, you'd be in worse trouble without the defense program.

And if you're not in trouble, it's probably because of the same program.

✓ **DON'T SIT** on your assets—you might be gluing them to the floor.

Much of the privately held U. S. assets—more than \$70,000,000,000 worth—are tied up in inventories.

These are goods, materials bought, processed, stored on premise that they will be in demand on a basis profitable to those holding them.

But how certain is that premise?

One of its main supports is theory that consumer spending is matched to consumer income.

But something's gone wrong with that theory. Income's up, spending isn't keeping up with it. Why?

U. S. bases its economic theories on experience of past 150 years.

For 100 years it was a sure bet that

the more money a consumer gets, the more he spends.

Living standard in that century was far below the level today. The great mass of wage earners had endless unfilled desires. Rising wages were translated quickly into spending.

Those who could afford luxuries were few. Their spending had little effect on statistics. It was at a more stable rate, little changed by fluctuations of income.

During that period the income-spending statistics were developed, the theory founded. Does it fit today's conditions?

Luxury is built into the present standard of living, except for the lowest income segment of the population.

Necessities are purchased as a matter of course—luxuries as a matter of choice.

The increased income today is in the hands of people who can take it or leave it—they have the necessities and the choice to purchase luxury items.

So far this year they have chosen to leave it—and put the income rise into savings.

Purchasing power's there. New products, new services, might bring it out.

Are you sitting on inventories that might be glued to the floor by new products?

The date on them is important. This month your '50 model is a year old. In two months it will be two years old.

✓ **BUSINESS PROFITS** head downward—even before higher tax rates.

You'll find it harder than ever to make an honest dollar in the months (perhaps years) ahead.

It may be difficult to see just why. That's because nibbles—not bites—will make the profit margin ragged. A lot of little things, some not so little.

Nibbling away at profits of both big and little business will be higher costs—freight rates, postal charges, utilities, travel expense, services, inching up of materials, salary and wage costs.

None (except payroll) is likely to be important alone. But taken altogether the nibbling process will chew away an important part of profits.

You'll find it difficult to pass these higher costs along. Strong price resist-

MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER

ance will continue—on government work as well as from your other customers.

✓ **QUICK AMORTIZATION** doesn't mean much—unless there's profit to charge it against.

Nor does volume bring lower prices—when there's sudden 20-fold increase in demand.

Here is predicament of defense producer who's experienced that 20-fold increase:

High cost of new plant, equipment, finding and training new employees, sent unit cost sky high in new war plant compared with civilian production in older plant.

Since he has been producing similar parts for commercial trade, this manufacturer's price is frozen on war contracts—at the old level.

So he makes money on his civilian business, loses it on war contract.

His experience indicates it would take at least two years (at present material, labor prices) to develop skill, efficiency necessary to lower cost to level of present frozen price.

Authority to amortize cost of new plant over five-year period means nothing so far, since there's no profit to cover plant cost.

This manufacturer's conclusion: "We're not asking for more defense business. We're losing our shirt on what we have."

Note: Pressure of similar cases brought to defense official's attention probably will bring price adjustments.

✓ **WHAT INDICATORS** really indicate business trends?

National Bureau of Economic Research spent years studying record of indicators against actual performance, came up with nine that tended to lead business change.

These are: Hours worked in manufacturing, wholesale prices, volume of new incorporations, liabilities of business failures, residential building contracts, new orders for general machinery, new orders for electrical machinery, iron and steel new orders, industrial stock prices.

And where do they all point in these times of prosperity?

Using March to last month for the

trend line: All point downward, with one exception. That's stock price level.

Note: In reporting its study Bureau was careful to point out that the nine had shown leading characteristics in the past, but no claim was made for their future behavior.

✓ **CASH REGISTERS** ring steadily, but hold little profit for department stores.

Executives see slight chance to reverse diminishing profit trend gaining momentum this year.

Controllers Congress of National Retail Dry Goods Association finds that during first six months department stores' net profit from merchandising operations was 0.6 per cent of sales. Compares with 2.3 per cent year ago.

That's a drop of 74 per cent.

It came while dollar sales volume (in the 228 stores surveyed) increased by two per cent. Why?

Higher costs—with 43 per cent of the increase due to fatter payrolls.

On each dollar in sales, typical store pays about 19 cents for salaries, wages.

That takes about 50 per cent of what remains of sales dollar after merchandise is paid for.

So rise in payroll cost cuts sharply into profits. Generally rising wages, scarcity of sales and service people, indicate continued rise in wage costs.

Price ceilings are only partly to blame for profits squeeze. Since many lines are priced below ceilings, it's the customer who's doing the squeezing.

✓ **CHRISTMAS PREVIEW—**

You'll do better price-wise this year than last on your shopping list.

For two reasons: Prices are a little softer, and merchants have taken a cue from price-conscious shoppers. They will feature moderately-priced goods.

Big merchants expect big holiday business. But they're betting as little as possible in expectations.

Although they look for volume close to last year's, they buy lightly, plan to fill in stocks later.

So much of the chance, inventory-wise, is passed on to manufacturers.

Bargain sales right up to holidays won't indicate distressed overstocks at retail level. They are part of continued pressure to maintain sales volume.

✓ **JET ENGINES** are having trouble finding their market.

Here's how engine development is shaping up—

Newest flying weapons are pilotless,

WASHINGTON
LETTER

rocket-powered guided missiles. Their speed runs well over four-figure mark. Accent is on that kind of weapon.


Jets can't intercept them, keep up with them anywhere. So new defense weapons must be worked out—weapons with comparable speed.

For workhorse jobs—hauling heavy weight long distances—gasoline engines fit in because of their fuel economy.

Basic development on jet power plants remains to be done before they can compete with gasoline engines in the workhorse field.

So now jets fall between rockets' high speed, gasoline engines' carrying capacity.


American Airlines recently ordered \$30,000,000 worth of gasoline-powered airliners for delivery in '52 and '53.

 **GOVERNMENT'S TAKEN** close look at steel business, decided to stay out of it.

Study made for defense production officials shows steel output will reach 119,500,000 tons per year rate by late next year.

Greater rate, officials conclude, would put steel capacity out of line with other materials. So Government puts public steel plant plans aside.

Emphasis instead will be put on effort to have private steel producers match mix—production of types, shapes produced—to defense needs.


 **ZOOMING REQUIREMENT** for aluminum if Air Force goes to 140 wings (from 95) poses this question—

What would happen to costly new aluminum producing capacity when Air Force is built, requirement tumbles to replacement level?

DPA thinks that question causes industry to go slow on expansion.

So it studies possibility of government owned aluminum capacity. One proposal: Determine civilian need, plus reasonable expansion. Above that, Government would build, own plants to meet defense needs.

When need is over, plant would be put on stand-by basis, after pattern of shell-loading plant, retained by Government to meet any later sudden need.

 **FREIGHT CARLOADINGS** show increasing movement of materials, goods, in U. S.—but they tell only part of the story.

Carloadings this year through September are up 6.5 per cent over same period in '50.

But during first six months ton-miles

—weight and distance it is carried—rose by nearly 20 per cent over the comparable period.


That's a jump from 265,467,710,000 ton-miles to 319,579,149,000.

Means loads are heavier, hauls longer. One big factor: Armed services shipments of Korea-bound materiel to West Coast.

Shippers (through their Advisory Council) predict continuing rise in carloadings for the rest of this year—average of 2.6 per cent above '50's last quarter.

One big drop expected: Automobiles and trucks, down 34 per cent. Another: Vehicle parts, down 14.3 per cent.

Upswinging are ore and concentrates, 15.6 per cent; citrus fruits, 36.7 per cent; frozen foods, 14.6; machinery and boilers, 11.2; agricultural implements and vehicles, 8; gravel, sand and stone, 7.3; iron and steel, 7; chemicals and explosives, 6.5; livestock, 5.1; cotton, 4.8; brick and clay products, 4.4, and salt, 3.

 **BRIEFS:** Biggest defense contractor: General Motors, with \$3,500,000,000 in orders. . . . Volume of frozen vegetables in storage this fall is more than 20 per cent up from year ago level. . . . Want to save \$1,000,000 an hour? Ten per cent cut in government expenditures would do it. . . . In first quarter of '52 direct defense will take 15 per cent of total steel supply—but nearly all of some alloys. . . . To show spread of defense work NPA reports small metal working companies have increased employment by 24 per cent recently, while bigs were going up only 15 per cent. . . . More than a third of the lumber used in U. S. manufactures is made into containers. . . . Average skilled factory worker in U. S. eats meat 14 times a week. In England he eats 28 cents worth per week. . . . Expenditures for new plant and equipment this year will total \$24,800,000,000—more than half for manufacturing facilities. And more than half of these will be paid for from retained earnings. . . . U. S. has 58 companies whose assets are \$1,000,000,000 or more. Together their liabilities are \$147,782,000,000. Government's outstanding debt is \$257,000,000,000—74 per cent greater.

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**PREFERRED AMONG
MEN AT THE TOP**

By My Way

R. L. DUFFUS



Home for Thanksgiving

WE AMERICANS are perhaps the wanderingest civilized people of all history. Except for the Indians all the inhabitants of this continent, or of our part of it, came from abroad or are descended from those who did. We have more facilities for getting about than any other people, living or historic, and we use them to the fullest. And yet the greatest of our secular holidays is Thanksgiving and the central theme of Thanksgiving is not eating turkey or indulging in any other variety of eating or drinking but simply going home. We may pretend that we are free and foot-loose but in spite of everything there is one beloved spot that we do call home and when this season rolls around we try to be there. And that is what makes Thanksgiving what it is; that is why our hearts leap up at the thought of it.

Covered bridge: 1951

WHEN the town of Charlemont, Mass, found itself in danger of losing its old covered bridge over Mill Brook it didn't just sit down and mope; it did something; it built itself a new covered bridge, just like the old, and recently dedicated it with appropriate ceremonies. Something in this defiance of time and change warms my heart. I am going to get me a horse and a buggy some day soon and drive over that bridge.

Indian summer

I KNEW a solemn writer on economics and finance, now for some years dead, who used to write an annual article on Indian summer. I forget what his ideas as to the origin of the phrase were but they were full of poetry and passion. I suspect that, at the age of four-score and more to which he attained, his thoughts went back to his boyhood. Mine do when Indian summer rolls around, in the late or early fall of the year. A boy doesn't

care about definitions. Indian summer to him is a soft mist and mystery along the horizon; it is all things seen through a veil of glamour; it is roaming the hills and having picnic meals around campfires; it is not thinking of schools or of any duty; it is dreaming—not about anything in particular but about all things good, pleasant and free. A boy who has been out Indian-summering may seem lazy when he comes home but he is really the better for the experience and work can be got out of him later on. At least that used to be the case, years and years ago, when Indian summers were even more beautiful than they are now.



Is being primitive fun?

NOT EVERYTHING we use today was invented yesterday and patented this morning. I note a few items of greater antiquity in a book I have been dipping into—Dr. Julius E. Lips' "The Origins of Things." (A. A. Wyn, Pub. 1947.) Today's trowel, says Dr. Lips, "is of the same shape as the Roman, because it is the perfect shape." Prehistoric man had "artistically shaped and ornamented spoons." In fact, as some ruins indicate, this ancient creature sometimes lived in "sheer luxury" such as we might envy today. The lipstick, still quoting, "actually dates back to the ice age." Men of the Bronze Age went about in winter on "sliding woods" resembling what we now call skis, though there is no evidence that they tried to break their bones by jumping off high places or scooting down slopes like Mansfield's famous Nose Dive. Dr. Lips sees primitive man (meaning

those of today and also our own far-off ancestors) as living "at a mental level of comparatively permanent happiness." If all this were literally true we would have to regard our thousands of years of "progress" as a mistake. Of course there is a catch in it. Primitive man had many things we have but he lacked countless more we take for granted; he had a good trowel but no television set, a good spoon but no automobile. If he was happy it was because he didn't realize what a tough time he was having. Personally, I do not plan to become a primitive man.

The kindly city

I READ a letter in a New York newspaper in which an out-of-town lady testified that it wasn't true that New Yorkers were rude. Everywhere she went she had found kindness and courtesy in the great city. Evidently she was elderly, for a younger woman insisted on carrying her suitcase when no porter was handy. People gave her seats on subways and in buses; when she asked her way they went out of their own way to guide her. She concluded that the big city's inhabitants are just "home-town folks." But I drew a different conclusion. I have heard testimony that New Yorkers are rude—and they can be. What they say and do reflects the mood and temperament of those they meet. The visiting lady from Oswego found courtesy and kindness because she brought them with her—and I suspect she would find them anywhere in the whole world where people are free to show them.

O Queen, live forever

THERE really was a Queen of Sheba and she "definitely" traveled north, from her home in what is now the Kingdom of Yemen in southern Arabia, to call on King Solomon. King Solomon was at home when she arrived and able to tell her a thing or two, as related in the tenth chapter of the First Book of Kings and in the ninth chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles. The queen had a nice place of her own at Marib, as an expedition led by Wendell Phillips, president of the American Foundation for the Study of Man, recently found out and reported. Phillips and his associates uncovered ruins of temples and other great buildings. For a woman, in an age when women couldn't vote, the Queen of Sheba did pretty well for herself. But to know this much

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makes one want to know much more. Was she beautiful or did people say so because they judged it prudent? How did she look riding on a camel? I wish I knew. I wish television and the motion picture had been invented by 950 B. C. Or do I really wish these things? Perhaps it is the mystery that makes the Queen of Sheba alluring. Maybe we wouldn't look at her twice if we met her today on a street.

The aging process

SOMETIMES I fear I am growing old. I used to get off trains at stations before they had stopped moving, and if I have two legs it is no fault of mine. Later I took to standing in the aisles with other half-witted passengers some five minutes before the train reached its destination. Nowadays I wait till it has stopped and the aisles are cleared. Then I saunter out, just ahead of the sweepers who come on at the terminus. I suppose I lose as many as 60 or 70 seconds this way that might otherwise have been devoted to getting on in the world. As I said, I fear I am growing old. It's kind of pleasant, in some ways.

Unfair to ducks

GAZING at some swans in the river the other day I was struck by the fact that the only real difference between a swan and an ordinary barnyard duck is that a duck has to lift its stern out of water when it wishes to procure something from the bottom of a pond or river, whereas a swan merely uncoils an extra foot or two of neck. This is purely a matter of applied mechanics. Yet we call swans beautiful and never praise ducks unless they are served on a platter with apple sauce. But life is like that—baffling and full of injustice.

Story with a moral

I SUPPOSE most of us were a mite more leftish (if I dare use that misused word) in our youths than when we had quite grown up. I know I was. For instance, I took quite a crusading interest in a constitutional amendment which permitted the federal Government to impose an income tax. I am not really sorry I did this, for if the Government did not extract what it needed in this way it would have to do it in another—and perhaps more painful—fashion. But my enthusiasm for the Sixteenth

Amendment was as pure as the driven snow because at the time it was passed people believed that the tax would begin at \$3,000 a year and I was not then receiving—and did not really expect ever to receive—as much as \$3,000 a year. (The moral to this little story will be provided free on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope.)



Wild youth

I HAVE also noticed that whereas in my verdant younger years I considered it excruciatingly amusing to carry off some elderly person's front gate on Halloween I am not amused when a neighborhood boy on that same holiday evening smashes my postbox. (I haven't got a front gate.) And when that same boy grows up (as he will if he doesn't behave himself) and some Halloween prankster does something to *his* property *he* will be as mad as a hornet and go around asking what the world is coming to.

Of course the world isn't coming to anything, at least not in the sense he refers to. It is just the same as it has always been in some fundamental respects, and bad boys as a rule grow into respectable citizens, just as they always have done. I know I did; I haven't stolen a gate for years and years.

Youth movements

ONE of the silly by-products of the dictatorships this generation has known—Fascist, Nazi and Communist—is the "youth movement." Mussolini had one, Hitler had one and now Russia and each one of its fluttering flock of satellites has one.

Of course there is no sense to all this funny business. Youth is not, never was and never can be a "movement." Youth consists of being young, and in countries where everyone is allowed, within reasonable limits, to let off steam no two persons are young in exactly the same way. Some are dreamy and some are energetic; some lie around on grassy slopes composing poems and some go tearing around in automotive vehicles; some want to reform the world right away and make every-

body happier, and others merely wish to have a good time. Moreover, youth is not a permanent condition. It is not a class. One passes by it or recovers from it and he who might have been in a youth movement yesterday may be in a middle-age movement tomorrow and an elderly movement later on. I hope never to see a youth movement in my own country. If I do—I give fair warning—I shall tie my long gray whiskers under my chin, put on my buffalo overcoat and depart for Antarctica.

The competitive spirit

I WISH we could separate the kind of competition that made this country what it is today from the kind that inspires a driver in one car to try to pass a driver in another at the risk of anywhere from two to eight lives. But if I thought it would do any good I would point out to the young and the impetuous (who are not always the same) that those who compete on the highways to get places first do not always live long enough to compete for wealth or fame.



Commuting to the Pole

LAST summer the Fifty-eighth Weather Reconnaissance Squadron of the United States Air Force completed its five hundredth flight over the North Pole. I have mentioned this squadron before because its matter-of-fact ways surprised me. I think back to all the fuss made over Peary when he reached the Pole in 1909. Will somebody make a rocket trip around the moon some 40 years from now? And a few years after that will we take such trips as routine? I shouldn't wonder.

"Ships that pass"—

SOMETIMES, as I travel to and from the city on my brief commuting trips, my train runs side by side with another train on the next track similarly bound. If the speed of the two trains is about the same I look from my car window at a passenger or two in the other train; they look back, possibly embarrassed, because you can't

"What if your business lost its 'memory'?"



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2 "I THOUGHT this fireproof building was a guarantee of protection. I didn't know buildings like this only wall-in and intensify a blaze that starts inside an office.



3 "AND THIS heavy-walled, old unlabeled safe fooled me, too. Such safes act as incinerators once the temperature gets above 350° F...only $\frac{1}{2}$ as hot as a match flame. They cremate records.



4 "SURE I HAD fire insurance! But in order to collect fully I've got to prepare a proof-of-loss statement. Could you do it if your records were destroyed?"



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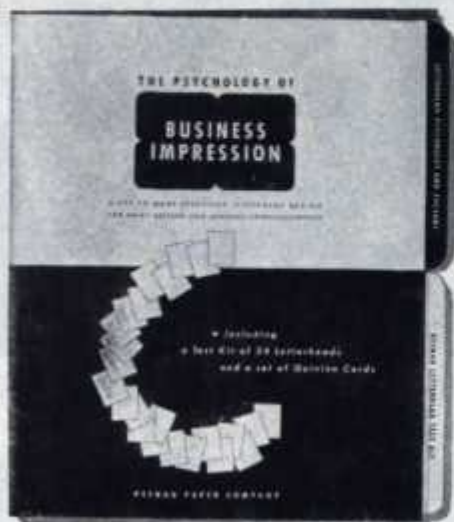
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talk back and forth and it would seem undignified to wave or make faces; and I have a feeling that my life has almost but not quite intersected other lives. I wonder if I would be happier if I lived where that other train came from; I wonder where it did come from; I wonder if its passengers are good neighbors or whether they run their radios full blast all night and borrow things and don't bring them back; I wonder if they worry about the future the way I do; I wonder about their politics, occupations and favorite amusements; I wonder but I never find out. I imagine they have pretty good times, though—those passengers in other trains.

This growing continent

IT WAS good to learn, from a paper read by Dr. Patrick M. Hurley of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, that the continent of North America is growing bigger. This is caused by deep underground radioactive processes which I shall not explain because the reader will understand them better if he looks them up for himself.

Some day, I take it, one will be able to walk from New York to London, or maybe ride a bicycle. But Dr. Hurley fails us in this respect; he doesn't say when or if this will happen and he doesn't propose to do anything about it.

On not eating 200 clams

A NEW JERSEY war veteran is this year's clam-eating champion. Though he had but one leg he ate nearly 200 cherrystones in 20 minutes. I wish him well and hope he makes some money out of this feat, though probably he will not make as much or become as famous as Miss America of 1952, whose victory was announced on the same day his was. But I do not envy him. I am afraid he will never really care for cherrystone clams again, and one of my own joys in life is doing away with about eight cherrystones on the half shell every now and then. For me it would be a tragedy not to like cherrystone clams. Indeed, it would be a worse tragedy than to go on liking them but not be able to get them; for one can always dream of getting what one hasn't, such as a clam or a million dollars or a yacht, but if there isn't much a person wants what can he do with his daydreams?

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The State of the Nation



Felix Morley

IT HAS BEEN a rare day, in recent months, on which the papers have not reported some truly appalling story of bribery and corruption. Clearly a single pattern of moral decadence lies behind all these unsavory disclosures, whether they concern venality on the part of Internal Revenue agents, connivance of police officials with racketeers, or faking the grades of varsity football players and "fixing" college basketball games.

At any time wholesale revelations of this nature would be a cause for apprehension. It is doubly so when the economy is being disrupted, and citizens taxed as never before, in order to achieve security.

The mere possession of stockpiled weapons gives no security to a people whose moral fiber is deteriorating. Under such circumstances the very word becomes sardonic, for if the institutions of a nation are crumbling from internal decay they cannot be made secure by preparations to counter an external threat.

Nobody is silly enough to think that a winning football team can now restore to the College of William and Mary the reputation it had when Thomas Jefferson studied there. Nobody should be silly enough to think that the Voice of America can drown out foreign reflection on items such as one

that appeared on the dignified front page of the *New York Times* recently:

After six months of investigation, evidence in the reopened inquiry into the death of Abe Reles, Brownsville plug-ugly who turned informer on his associates in Murder, Inc., will be given to a Brooklyn Grand Jury. . . .

The Soviet radio has been making hay with that case, charging that under American capitalism murder can be incorporated like any other form of free enterprise. And the sting in the canard lies in its grain of truth—in the indisputable evidence that crime has actually become big business in the United States today.

• • •

Fifteen years ago a distinguished historian, telling the inside story of the Grant Administration, observed that: "The American people always derives much of its tone from its President." Grant, so Allan Nevins went on to say, "was upright according to his lights. But the lights were murky, and the tone of his Administration delighted knaves and discouraged honest men."

Like those of President Grant, the standards of the present Chief Executive may seem "murky" to future biographers. And it may well be said, even on the basis of evidence already revealed, that the Truman Administration "delighted knaves and discouraged honest men."

Nevertheless, there is both an injustice and a danger in holding any single man, even though he be President, accountable for national morality.

TRENDS



OF NATION'S BUSINESS

Neither Republican Grant nor Democratic Truman can be called responsible for the terrific upheavals which preceded and overshadowed their terms of office. The Civil War and subsequent vindictiveness in the first instance; World War II and its disillusioning aftermath now — in both cases these backgrounds nurtured the callousness and produced the cynicism that paves the way to crime. It is not exculpation, but mere

fairness, to say that the President who must cope with the reaction following a war is on a more difficult spot than one who directs a people temporarily exalted by patriotic fervor.

Moreover, the character of our governmental system must be considered. In this democracy, it is impossible for any man to head the party in power and still remain, like Britain's non-political King, a shining symbol of national virtue for all the voters. As primary target of the opposition party, our President is properly subjected to criticism of every kind. He may be condemned on political and on moral grounds. But in the latter attack, we are likely to pass the buck for our own deficiencies.

The danger, in the easy attribution of either blame or credit to a political leader, is that it minimizes our personal responsibility. Of course a President who preens himself on national accomplishment can just as reasonably be pilloried for national dishonor. But those who apply that even-handed rule should ask themselves whether, in smaller matters, they are as willing to stomach criticism as to savor praise.

A people who believe in freedom must be particularly careful in attributing responsibility for ethical standards to their elected officers. If those officers are unworthy, that, under our democratic system, is itself a serious reflection on the electorate. Over and above this feature of representative government, however, is the consideration that freedom necessarily involves the assumption of personal responsibility. It was wholly appropriate for the slave to blame his master when conditions on the plantation became degraded. But the free man cannot so properly blame the public servant when the tone of the latter's official ministrations become obnoxious. At least, before doing so, he should recall the admonition about clearing the beam out of his own eye.

Our country today is rotten with rackets for

the simple reason that the public as a whole promotes them. There would be no mobsters, and no such outfits as Murder, Inc., if hundreds of thousands of thoughtless gamblers did not encourage their development. The police in our great cities would not be suborned if we as individuals refused to let the racketeers batten on personal weaknesses for which we can scarcely criticize anybody but ourselves.

Similarly, there would be no corruption in college athletics if college alumni, who certainly should know better, did not encourage it by demanding semiprofessional teams. This again cannot with any decency be blamed on President Truman, who never went to college and probably never contributed a dollar to a football "scholarship."

Finally, there would be no scandal about five percenters, or RFC loans, unless there were in every case a person willing to give as well as to receive a bribe. Of the two it can reasonably be said that the temptor is morally the more culpable. The transaction, like any other form of successful seduction, would seldom be achieved unless it were both willful and premeditated.

This matter of individual responsibility for prevalent moral standards has lately been sharply, and rather poignantly, focused by the case of Guy Gabrielson, the wholly reputable chairman of the Republican National Committee.

At a moment when Bill Boyle, his Democratic opposite number, was under fire as an alleged peddler of influence, Gabrielson was so inept as to have dealings with the RFC himself. In this action there was no trace of legal impropriety and there has been no charge of moral turpitude. But his position as spokesman of a critical opposition made it highly questionable for the Republican chairman to ask for any consideration from the RFC. For it is dubious that at present this agency fills any financial function that the commercial banks cannot handle more cleanly. And it is apparent that the very existence of the agency is a temptation to fraudulent practice.

By seeking an RFC accommodation for his company, instead of utilizing less vulnerable banking services, Gabrielson put himself in much the same position as do those who thoughtlessly "play the numbers." There is no more crime in that than there is in a friendly game of poker. Yet we all know that petty gambling, when organized, builds crime. So, very clearly, do the lending powers of the RFC.

In this political year the old adage about throwing stones from glass houses may be resharpened — to say that no citizen can find an excuse for his own shortcomings in those of officialdom — no matter how shameful these last may be.

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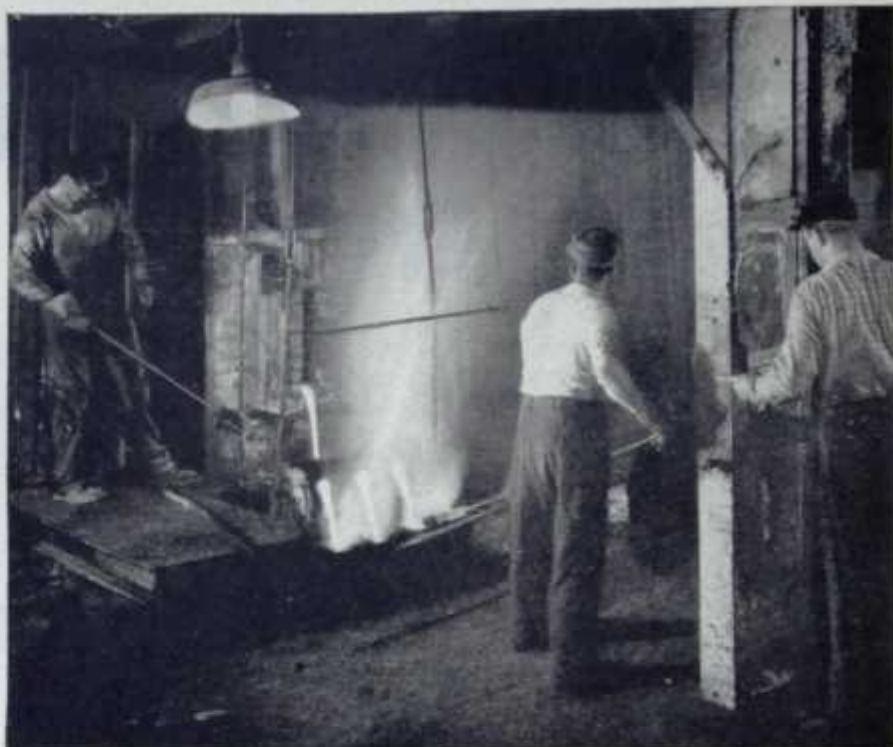
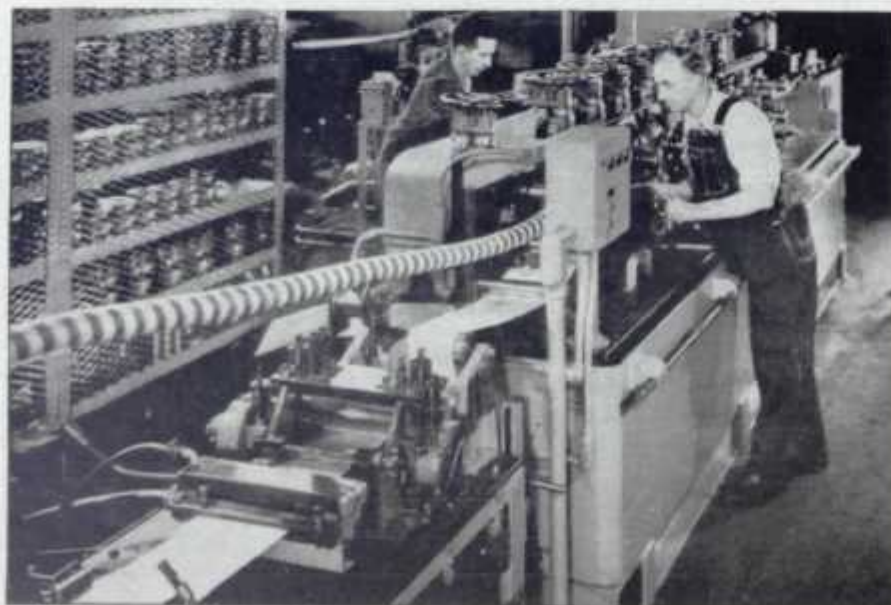


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Washington Scenes



Edward T. Folliard

IN A MOMENT of humility after his 1948 victory, President Truman remarked that he was just an ordinary human being, and he added: "I am sure there are a million men in the United States who could do the job much better than I can do it."

Mr. Truman's critics doubtless would say that he never uttered a truer word.

It so happens, however, that, with the 1952 election just a year away, not more than four or five men are being seriously considered for the Presidency. In this greatest and richest of lands, we are once more reminded of our poverty of talent in the field of politics.

Neither of the two big political parties knows today who will carry its standard in the great quadrennial race next year. Not only that, but neither knows for a certainty whether the two most-talked-about men will be willing to run.

It may be, as Mr. Truman has said, that a million men could take over his job in the White House and do it better. Conceivably, there are 2,000,000 or 3,000,000.

It really makes no difference, because politicians regard all such talk as academic and a waste of time. The question the professionals ask themselves is not, "Who can handle the job?" It is "Who can win?"

The politicians want a man who, first, can get their party's nomination, and who can then go out and persuade the American voters that he is the man to keep the country secure and prosperous in one of the most fateful periods of our history.

• • •

The most extraordinary thing about the situation today is that the popular choice for President is not a politician at all, but a professional soldier—Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, now 3,000 miles away. Dr. George Gallup, having made surveys, says that the rank and file in both major parties favor Eisenhower over Truman, Taft and others who are mentioned.

This has inspired the suggestion that Ike be nominated by both the Republicans and Democrats. It is a suggestion that gets little support from the practical politicians, including the very practical one who sits in the White House.

When, for example, it was reported to Mr. Tru-

man that Sen. Paul Douglas, Illinois Democrat, had made the suggestion, he merely smiled. Then, in a sarcastic tone, he asked if Douglas was aiming to be Vice President.

The Republicans have just about taken over the Ike-for-President boom. Republican emissaries have been flying over to NATO headquarters outside of Paris to see the General, and then giving out encouraging statements upon their return. They assure reporters that he is a Republican, and they assure them, too, that he will be "available."

Some Southern Democrats in Congress are angry over this state of affairs. They have been hoping that Mr. Truman would renounce all ambition for another term, and propose Ike for the Democratic nomination. That hope is now fading. These southerners say, privately, that, if Ike runs as a Republican, he will split the Solid South worse than Hoover did in 1928.

Democratic leaders outside of the South have never been able to see Ike running on a Fair Deal program. Almost to a man, therefore, they are in favor of Mr. Truman's seeking another term. They appear to have little doubt that he will be willing to run.

Actually, it is not at all certain that the Missourian will throw his hat in the ring again.

Neither is it certain that Eisenhower will go along with those who want to make him the Republican nominee.

Former United States Senator Harry Darby of Kansas, spearhead of the Eisenhower campaign, is quite honest in acknowledging the uncertainty in his camp. He says that he expects Ike will be available, but he also says that he can offer no guarantees.

"You've got to feel adventurous to get into this one," says Darby. "You've got to believe in his cause and be willing to take all the chances necessary to bring about his election to the Presidency. That's the way we are in Kansas."

The problem in Ike's case is not altogether one of getting his consent; it is a problem that also involves timing and strategy and tactics. This was brought out into the open at last month's Governors' Con-



OF NATION'S BUSINESS



ference at Gatlinburg, Tenn., where there was a good deal of "We want Ike" sentiment among the Republicans.

Gov. Val Peterson of Nebraska was in a position to talk with some authority about the General. He had been in Europe and had seen him. Like others who have made the trek, he was much impressed by the famous soldier's grasp of affairs, his eloquence, and his "common touch." He believed that Ike would be

a "natural," the greatest campaigner America has seen in a generation.

Would Ike run? Governor Peterson said frankly that he didn't know. He doubted whether Ike had tipped his hand to anybody.

Was Ike a Republican? The Nebraskan was pretty sure that he was. No, Ike hadn't told him so explicitly, but he certainly had talked like a Republican—about Americans standing on their own feet, about frugality in government, and so on.

Governor Peterson was emphatic about one thing. He said that General Eisenhower could not maintain a do-nothing, say-nothing policy and expect to be "drafted." He expressed the opinion that Ike would have to make a declaration of his candidacy by Jan. 1, or else see the G.O.P. nomination go to Sen. Robert A. Taft of Ohio.

Governor Peterson was not interested solely in strategy and tactics. He felt that Ike would not deserve to be nominated unless he announced his candidacy and told Americans where he stood on the issues of the day. He said he wasn't willing to give Ike or anybody else "a blank check."

This blunt talk from the Corn Belt doesn't fit in at all with the ideas of some of the Eisenhower boosters. They have been thinking of the matter in terms of a genuine draft, with no connivance on the part of Ike. They have been going on the assumption that it would be possible for him to remain silent right up to convention time next July, and to break his silence if it becomes clearly apparent that he has a majority of the delegates.

They are not yet ready to abandon that assumption, and they cite the case of Charles Evans Hughes to show that a real draft is possible. Hughes was an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court when the Republicans nominated him for President in 1916. He had repudiated all efforts to line up delegates in his behalf, and he had authorized nobody to speak for him or say he would accept the nomination. Yet the G.O.P.

went ahead and made him its standard bearer.

There was one clue as to what Hughes would be likely to do if nominated, and evidently it weighed heavily in the minds of the delegates. He had said, before going on the Supreme Court bench, that "The Presidency is an office that should be neither sought nor declined."

The anti-Eisenhower people in the Republican Party—anti, that is, in the sense that they oppose him for the nomination—are not much impressed by efforts to draw a parallel between his situation and that of Hughes.

They point out, for example, that there was no question about Hughes' affiliation with the Republican Party (he had been elected Governor of New York as that party's nominee), whereas Eisenhower's Republicanism is something that has yet to be confirmed by the General himself.

Much of the uncertainty that now beclouds the political situation is expected to be cleared up with the arrival of the New Year. For one thing, it will be possible to make a better appraisal of Governor Peterson's judgment that Ike will have to declare himself by then or see the G.O.P. nomination go to Taft.

There may come some enlightenment as to Mr. Truman's plans, too. Some of his advisers would like to see him make known his intentions along about the time he sends his State of the Union message to Congress.

Meantime, we have this anomaly—that the farther away you get from the White House, the more certain people are that the President will run again. In the White House itself, members of the staff say frankly that they don't know what he is going to do. Some add that they don't think he knows either. The one thing they are sure of is that at one time, say eight or nine months ago, he was talking about retirement.

Editors and others who are convinced that Mr. Truman is going to run cite these arguments: He talks like a candidate; he is not the kind of man who will readily give up his yacht and other perquisites; he has not started building up anybody else.

This last argument is not quite accurate. While it is true that the President hasn't tried to build up anybody publicly, he has been doing it privately. Insiders say that he has been talking in the warmest terms about Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson.

Mr. Truman once described Vinson as "one of the foremost Americans of his generation." There can be no doubt that he regards him as a man well qualified for the Presidency. Others in the party don't challenge that. But what they want to know is: What kind of a candidate would he make? And can he win?

—EDWARD T. FOLLIARD



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When you see these two words—"Job-Rated"—you know the truck has been engineered by the manufacturer to fit a specific job. Of course, you see those two words only on "Job-Rated" Dodge trucks! Because only Dodge builds "Job-Rated" trucks! There's a Dodge "Job-Rated" truck to fit your job!

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Every unit from engine to rear axle is "Job-Rated"—factory-engineered to haul a specific load over the roads you travel and at the speeds you require.

The right units to SUPPORT the load

Every load-supporting unit of a Dodge "Job-Rated" truck—frame, axles, springs, wheels, tires and others—is engineered right to provide the strength and capacity needed. Each is big enough to support and cushion the load—but not too big or too heavy. And all are "Job-Rated" to work together . . . to lower upkeep costs, lengthen truck life.

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Every load-moving unit of a Dodge "Job-Rated" truck—engine, clutch, transmission, propeller shaft, rear axle and others—is engineered right to meet a particular operating condition. Each is big and strong enough to move the load—but not too big or too heavy. And all are "Job-Rated" to work together . . . to assure better performance, greater dependability.

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See your Dodge dealer soon for a good deal on a truck that fits the job—a Dodge "Job-Rated" truck. He's as close to you as your telephone.

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DODGE
builds "Job-Rated"
TRUCKS



Are you SURE your biggest debtor is listed in your books?

One big reason you have a set of books is to keep track of what is owed you.

But the bookkeepers and other employees *can* be jugglers. And when they start tossing the entries around, they can build up a big debt in a hurry—one that it usually takes an auditor to find.

A few cases in point, from the files of The Travelers:

A payroll clerk padded the payroll with fictitious names and former employees. Checks totaling \$8,750 were cashed by her boy friend, who was store manager for another concern, before the scheme was found out.

A salesman for a concern selling at both retail and wholesale showed *all* sales as wholesale when most were made at retail. He pocketed and spent the difference—about \$10,000—before he was caught.

A bookkeeper and credit manager withheld receipts from daily sales for a period of 7 years, reporting the amounts as having been banked. To cover up, he made offsetting entries by recording fictitious check disbursements. Normal audits weren't thorough enough to uncover the loss, but the man's extravagant living led to a special investigation which revealed a \$250,000 loss.

To protect your business against dis-

honesty losses such as these, you need Travelers Fidelity insurance. Blanket Fidelity Bonds automatically cover bookkeepers, timekeepers, payroll record clerks, purchasing agents, cashiers and all other employees whether or not they handle money, securities or goods.

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MORAL: INSURE IN

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BASED ON FRIENDSHIP...THE AMERICAN EMPIRE

By HOLMES ALEXANDER

OUR present-day imperialism is a world-wide airlift and friendly relations with other peoples

SOME NATIONS achieve empire, while others have empire thrust upon them. It's hardly news to Americans that world-wide responsibility has been laid on their doorstep like an unwanted foundling—the offspring of the Western World's weakness and Russia's aggressive strength. But the event of our unwilling guardianship has happened so quickly and so completely that many of us stay-at-homes are likely to resist what's already taken place.

This new American imperialism (and let's not boggle at the term until we've redefined it in terms of mid-century realities) is based firmly on a curving line of aerial outposts from Iceland to the Azores; from French Morocco on the eastern shore of the Atlantic to Libya on the southern shore of the Mediterranean. The system—quickly convertible from peace, if necessary, to war—is the concept of many military minds, but much of the handiwork is that of Lieut. Gen. Laurence Kuter, founder and

commander of the Military Air Transport Service.

Kuter is a tall, quiet man with the detachment of a scholar, as he is in the field of aerial geopolitics; and with the chill efficiency of a strategic planner, as he was in both the Atlantic and Pacific theaters during World War II. He's also a three-star rolling stone who puts the final polish on his desk work by frequent trips to the field for project-pushing and trouble-shooting. In the past four months he's been to the Azores, Morocco and Saudi Arabia; two trips each to Iceland and Tripoli, not to mention visits to the Far East bases.

Under this sort of direction within the past two years, Kuter's MATS has become a global airlift which includes not just the logistics of transport, but the integrated facilities of world communications, world weather reporting, air rescue, air evacuation of the ill and injured, airbase management and—as important as anything—grassroots relations with the landlords of the overseas bases.

All these facilities serve the primary MATS purpose of moving equipment, supplies and personnel for the Air Force and Department of Defense. But these same activities have a combat potential. The conversion of a protective hand into a punishing fist is largely a matter of reflex and necessity. MATS' operations are global and it functions much

At Wheelus Field, Tripoli, 12,000 people joined the open house festivities last June





The Arab guard at Wheelus Field. Below, Air Force and Icelandic police show friendship at Keflavik



Arab students in the airport operation school at Dhahran Airfield in Saudi Arabia get physical check



like those of a commercial line, only in this case working for the entire military establishment.

Our empire, as Kuter explains it, is actually a commonwealth of mutual interests, a benevolent protective society in which we are not so much the imperial head as the first among equals.

"All these Old World bases," he says, "are very small areas into which we've moved at our own suggestion, but with the full consent of the local governments.

"We will stay so long—but only so long—as we're welcome. Part of the job is to make sure that we stay welcome."

Happily there is no suggestion of altruism here. We need the bases and, as we shall see, the local peoples benefit from our presence. But social uplift is a stale excuse for military occupation, and we aren't using it. There just isn't any military occupation anywhere around the sweeping frontier. It would give an old-fashioned jingoist the willies to visit Lages Field, our MATS base in the Portuguese Azores.

The 1605 Air Base Group is completely unarmed and completely surrounded by armed foreigners. Not even our Air Police, the station constabulary, carry guns. But the pistol-packing Portuguese Republican guardsmen stand at every entrance, directing our motor traffic as if their country were the sovereign power here—which is exactly the truth.

Portugal is a member of the Marshall Plan and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, so there's no doubt at all about her relationship to the United States.

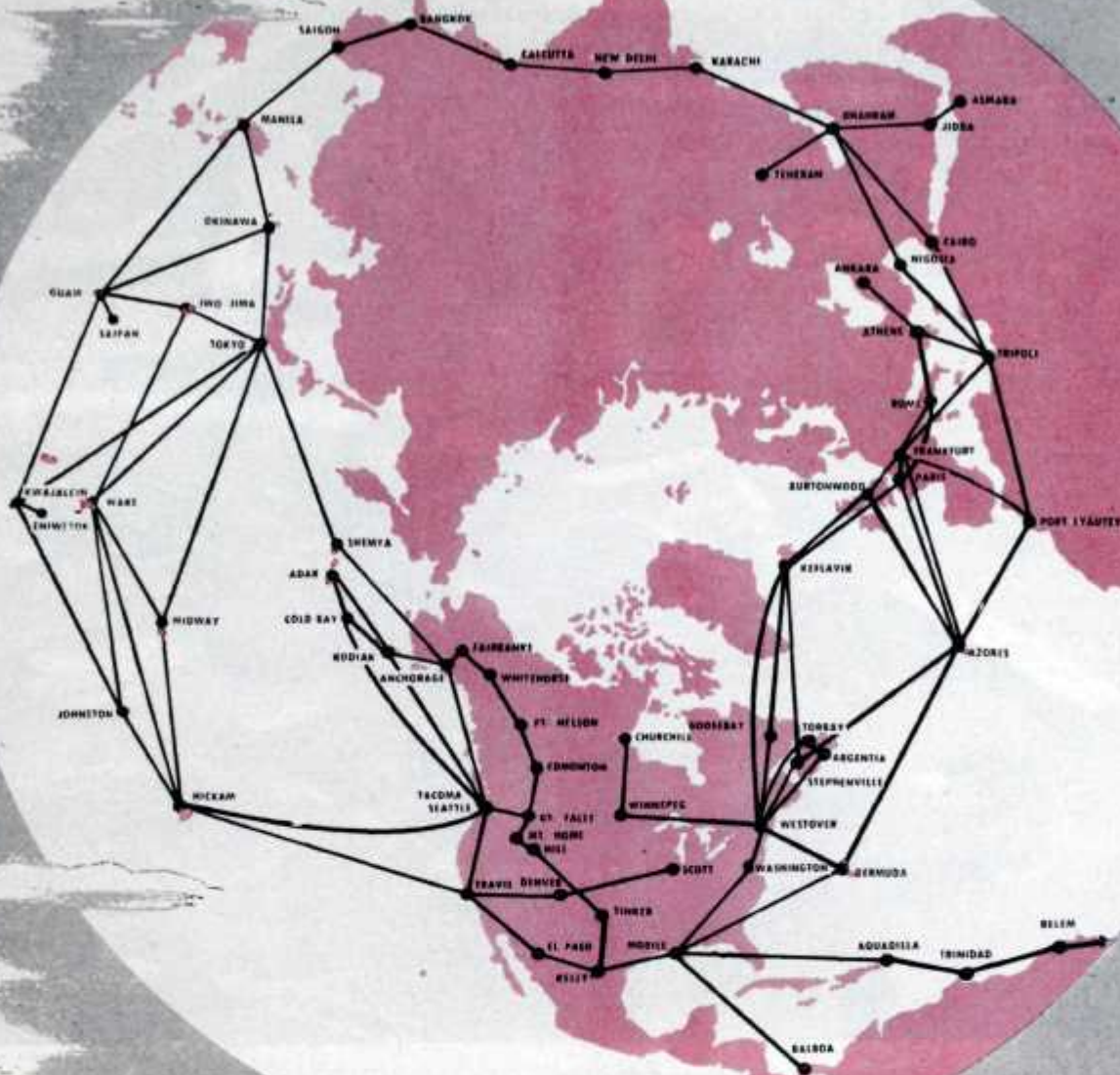
American armament would appear fast if shooting started in Europe. But meanwhile Portuguese sovereignty and national pride are matters of daily fact. As an American officer at Lages said in all seriousness:

"If the Cossacks came galloping through the main gate tonight, we'd have no way—and no right—to stop them."

That isn't all. Some people won't like it, but we are forbidden by terms of our residence in the Azores to plant the American flag in the soil where our forces live. Old Glory, it's true, flies over the headquarters of Col. George Cassady, the group commander, but the flagstaff merely is fastened to the side of the building. Cassady himself is subordinate to Lieut. Col. Humberto Pais, Portuguese commandant of the base, Lages Field being theoretically only a "station" there. Our officers are allowed to build homes for their dependents, but only through local contractors and under the building code set by Premier Salazar, the Portuguese dictator. When MATS came to Terceira in '49, one condition was that American living quarters be constructed in the form of automobile trailers, 28 by 10 feet, equipped with axles and trailer hooks. That's how Salazar feels about his national integrity, and how eager we are to oblige.

So the new definition of imperialism begins to take shape. Like the Romans, we are opening new roadways, this time in the sky, bringing the hinterlands a new orderliness, a rising economy and a defense against the trespass of foreign foes. Like the nineteenth century British, we are setting up fueling stations for our far riding fleet, in this case an air fleet.

But it won't do to push these analogies too far. This is a twentieth century Pax Americana, strictly an invention of necessity, a new thing on the face of the earth. There is nothing of the Roman legion-



The Military Air Transport Service has bases for world-wide movement

naire in the typical Air Force technician who works his eight-hour shift, often elbow to elbow with natives of many creeds, colors and costumes, changing to civilian clothes in the evening when he hopes to catch a few beers and an early show at the base movie.

His colonel, hardly a counterpart of the swagger stick Britisher of the Kipling days, is a 24 hour administrator who "flies a desk" and drives his own staff car from one hurry-up project to the next. Nearly every MATS plane brings in young wives and children, but there's no pioneer homesteading in these lands—only a three-year assignment which is made the best of by planting flowers, organizing dances and card parties, trying to guess where the next post will be. Not that it matters much, except for climate.

Family life at any overseas base has about the same outlook—a pleasant but unexciting existence that centers about the flat, white runways; the low,

dark machine shops and administration Quonsets; the commonplace rush of horsepower overhead. Nowhere on this frontier do we live like conquerors. Officially we are guests, even paying guests, and subject to the amenities of hospitality.

In Libya, for example, we pay about \$4,000 a year rental for Wheelus Field, another "air station," located on the outskirts of the capital city of Tripoli. Col. Fred Easley, who commands the 1603 Air Base Group, drove me over the terrain of some 30 sandy acres which had been acquired to extend the runways from 6,000 to 8,000 feet.

"Seventy different farmers owned this land," he said. "There was one Italian, one Jew and the rest were Arabs. Anyhow, we had to negotiate with every individual landlord; persuade him to sell, arrange for his resettlement; pay him for the land, the improvements and the disturbance value. It took us five months and came to about \$25,000."

What—negotiate?

(Continued on page 70)



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

BUT SPIRIT WAS UNDAMPENED

By GEORGE SCULLIN

HOW COURAGE AND SPIRIT put the stricken cities of Missouri and Kansas "back in business" is a saga of community cooperation

SAIID the Salvation Army, "The Kansas-Missouri flood has left 165,000 people homeless. We are in desperate need of work clothes."

Work clothes. In the face of a \$1,000,000,000 disaster, no richer statement has ever been made. It revealed the driving spirit of the people, and their sublime confidence in the fighting ability of the industries that give them jobs. At the moment the appeal was issued, those industries lay under 30 feet of oily water and mud.

Since this flood was, from an engineering point of view, technically impossible, being half again as big as the great flood of 1903, industry had little chance to evacuate. Down in the stockyards cowboys herded cattle to the upper levels of the great packing plants, riding until their own mounts could no longer breast the littered currents. Other cattle, hogs, sheep and poultry drowned in their pens, and went floating off as the waters rose. With them went millions of feet of lumber, oil drums, tank cars, box-cars, railroad ties, crates, loading platforms, and all the other flotsam of heavy industry, ramming through brick walls and steel doors.

Adding to the horror, a huge oil tank rose like a cork with the water. Drifting gently on a back eddy, it finally came to rest against a high tension wire. There was a flash; like a napalm bomb going off, it spewed 6,000 gallons of blazing oil on the swirling water.

The flames floated first into the bulk storage tanks of the Phillips Petroleum Company, then into the tanks of the Socony-Vacuum Oil Company. While the windows in downtown skyscrapers rattled to the explosions, the flames spread through the

factories and lumberyards of an eight-block area before their floating course was blocked by the debris of their own destruction. It was five days before the inferno burned itself out.

When the water stopped rising, some 400 separate factories and businesses were flooded, representing the greatest industrial loss in American history. It was what Kansas Citians now call Black Friday the Thirteenth, July, 1951.

George W. Catts, executive manager of the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce, watched the flood from the roof of the Continental Hotel where the Chamber has its offices.

All along the swollen river, other Chamber executives were watching, too. Men like Franklin L. Inman in Topeka, Lud C. Fiser in Manhattan, Ellsworth Green, Jr., in Kansas City, Kan. They knew that 122 agencies were marshaling to save the lives of the homeless. It would be up to them and their organizations to save these people's livelihoods.

There was no precedent to guide chamber action. The Red Cross would give food and shelter to the homeless. But who would give shelter to Swift's or the other packers? Who would "feed" the 41 submerged diesel locomotives of the Santa Fe?

Friday had been payday, but for thousands the payroll had been under water. In Kansas City, Mo., where the banks are closed on Saturday, the time locks on the vaults had been set, not to open until Monday, but in Kansas City, Kans., the banks were open Saturday morning. A Chamber committee went to work arranging credit for firms that never had banked in Kansas. Boats rushed the money

THE BY-LAWS of nearly every chamber of commerce in America define the organization's objectives in about these words: "to promote the welfare of this city, state and nation."

How this objective is achieved varies from city to city and from day to day. But when misfortune strikes suddenly in any of 3,000 communities, no time is lost in gearing the talents and energies of business leaders to the job that needs doing.

When the 1951 floods surged through sections of Kansas City, Mo., Kansas City, Kan., Manhattan, Topeka and scores of other cities on the Kaw and Missouri, chambers of commerce went into action. They shared with other organizations the task of providing for the homeless. But their job went further. The welfare of their cities demanded speedy restoration of the communities' business life. In this, of course, other organizations helped, but it was the chamber of commerce that synchronized restoration efforts and kept them moving.

This story tells what happened in one particular area in a major disaster. Equally stirring stories could be told of other areas which suffered equally in that disaster and fought back just as gallantly.

To them, and to the millions of business leaders everywhere who work through their chambers of commerce to "promote the welfare of their city, state and nation" this story may well serve as a tribute—one further proof that chambers of commerce are truly a vitalizing force in building and preserving a strong America.

DECHARD A. HULCY

President, Chamber of Commerce of the United States



across the river to the high-and-dry commercial district where already business houses had thrown open offices for the use of their flooded friends. International Business Machines released all its machines from the sales floor, and other firms contributed typewriters, stationery and everything else needed to equip emergency pay stations.

Then the radio stations took to the air, telling payless employes where their firms had set up payroll stations. Not all payments were made in full, since few records had been saved, but each employe got enough to tide him over the immediate emergency. Now it was time to take care of industry.

Already telegrams were pouring in. When the newspapers flashed the story that the central industrial district of Kansas City was under water, there was a wide impression around the country that this included the business district as well. Only those familiar with Kansas City knew that the business district on its high bluffs and its residential section back in the rolling hills were flood proof. The first telegrams offered sympathy and assistance, but, as the extent of the disaster became clearer, the tenor of the telegrams changed. Hundreds of outlying firms dependent on the manufacturing plants, distributors, and buyers of the Kansas cities sent in cancellations of orders. If word were spread that the Kansas cities were crippled, these telegrams could be more disastrous than the waters.

Joyce Hall, tall, energetic president of Hall Brothers, Inc., manufacturer of greeting cards, was among those to receive telegrams expressing worry about his ability to deliver. He was in the middle of his Christmas card rush, and though his production facilities were relatively uninjured, his warehouses of paper and the freight cars bringing in new stock were full of mud. He could recover from that loss, but things could get tough if his dealers placed orders elsewhere.

Hall got on the phone and discovered he was not alone in his predicament. The problem was mutual. The Chamber of Commerce was designed to solve mutual problems.

Said he, in effect, "Maybe we've been getting soft lately. Maybe we need some more of that old Kansas City spirit. Let's get it up. Let's show America what we can do."

"Come on down, Joyce," they told him. "Morton Jones (president of the Kansas City Fire and Marine Insurance Company) is heading up our press committee. He can use you."

Overnight a flood information committee went into action. Top public relations men in town, along with representatives of the radio stations, television and the Kansas City *Star* formed the committee under Jones' leadership. To get the story across the

nation, Hall called in Carl Byoir & Associates, Inc., a New York public relations firm.

There was plenty to write about. There was the story of the airlines. When it looked like the flood was going to take out both Municipal Airport and Fairfax, Dick Challinor, aviation commissioner of the Chamber, acted as coordinating agent for the airlines in setting up emergency operations at Grandview Airport, 15 miles outside the city. Some \$30,000,000 in aircraft, evacuated from the threatened airports, landed by the light of ground flares before hastily mustered emergency crews could turn on runway lights. By the next day an airlift to the flood-stricken city was in full operation, and normal schedules were maintained at Grandview.

There was the story of City Manager L. P. Cookingham's disaster corps. Even while the floodwaters were still at their peak, scores of boats, both private and from the Coast Guard, were rushed into the area by trailers. They went into action evacuating all those who had sought refuge in tree tops, on house tops, and in the upper floors of factories. Official boats patrolled the streets, guarding property and salvaging important records at the request of business executives. And before the waters had started to recede, the labor unions were meeting with the disaster corps to offer the services of their men at a flat \$1.50 an hour, overtime included, for the length of the emergency. In the same spirit, contractors with trucks, bulldozers, scoop shovels and drag lines offered their equipment at half the normal operating charge.

To this corps and the Army Engineers fell the job of clearing the streets of the litter of dead animals, lumber, tanks, broken glass, stockyard refuse, and above all, up to four feet of mud. When the water finally drained away, and the Kansas sun resumed its normal fierceness, the stench was all but intolerable.

There was the story of the sleepless trio from Kansas City, Kans.

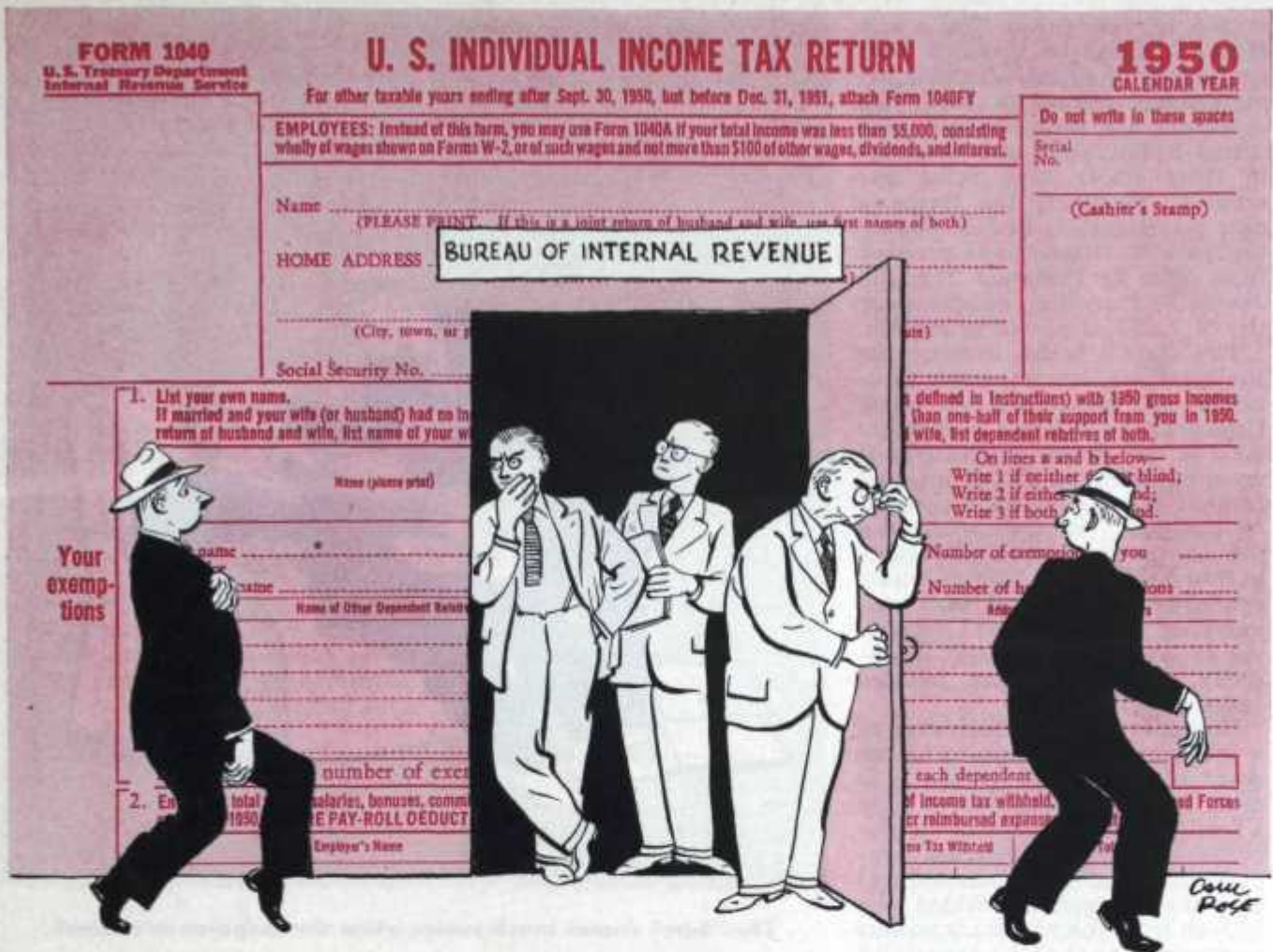
For three days and nights after the flood hit President O. W. Davis, Vice President Thomas J. Daly, director of the Industrial Division, and Manager Ellsworth Green had the major task of providing and setting up headquarters facilities for the 160 industries and countless small businesses in their town which were temporarily washed out.

The first thing they did was offer the three story Chamber of Commerce building itself to as many firms as it could accomodate. In two days, staffs of 16 firms, including Armour & Co., General Motors, International Paper, Atlantic Commission Company, Owens-Corning, and others were moved in.

The Chamber's own staff was jumped from 20 workers to more than 200 (Continued on page 66)

While civic leaders set up emergency headquarters, rescuers worked to save what they could





Nobody Loves the Collector

By MILTON LEHMAN

MANY U. S. agencies will give you money, but there is one that only takes it away

ALMOST every government agency gives away something. The Defense Department hands out uniforms, howitzer shells and three square meals a day. The Department of Agriculture ships you seeds and subsidies. The Department of the Interior dispatches leaflets on the life cycle of the sea mollusk. The Veterans Administration picks up the tab on schooling, hospital care and bonuses.

The Bureau of Internal Revenue, however, is unique in this city of bureaus. It gives nothing away—just takes your money, and seldom is accepted as a welcome member of the community. George J. Schoeneman, white-haired,

square-jawed former Commissioner of Internal Revenue, extracted some \$150,000,000,000 from taxpayers during his four years as top collector. Retiring a few months ago, Schoeneman delivered a plaintive swan song.

"Wherever I went," he said, "I always got special attention. At a night club, they'd say who I was and everybody would boo. At a ball game, they'd give out my name and folks would stand up and jeer. In the Blue Room of the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, Barney, the bandleader, would announce: 'Here comes the Commissioner of Internal Revenue!' Everybody would groan and the band would

play, 'Why Not Take All of Me?' I'll sort of miss the razzberries now."

The Bureau frequently has caused groans and razzberries. Every spring, following sighs and gasps, the groans become fairly deafening as the big bite is applied. Today, Internal Revenue has the greatest collection job in world history and is applying the heaviest tax Americans have ever known. To do its job successfully, it depends on the truly voluntary compliance of Americans in assessing themselves and paying what they owe—with or without groans.

Because the Bureau deals in gigantic sums of money, it is also the most tempting agency for the corrupt or corruptible official. Through the years its record has been good, but in protecting its vast trust, it must exercise eternal vigilance. Last summer, a subcom-

mittee of the House Ways and Means Committee revealed that the agency in several shocking instances had lowered its guard. Two collectors had been charged with "gross irregularity" and employees in their offices were being examined. Following the Bureau's own investigation, Boston Collector Denis W. Delaney was removed from office by President Truman, James P. Finnegan, collector for the St. Louis area, quit under fire.

The agency, which usually asks the questions, now was being questioned by Rep. Cecil R. King, Democrat of California, and chairman of the House Subcommittee on administration of the internal revenue laws. King cited cases of "misconduct" in California and the "breakdown of administration" in New York's third district, where employees were charged with mishandling refund claims. Promising to go into the matter intensively, King had some pointed questions to ask:

How does poor administration of a collector's office proceed to the point of breakdown before it is dealt with? Does the Bureau have a really adequate program for discovering and investigating employee inefficiency and misconduct? Has the Congress provided the Bureau with the necessary powers and tools to do the job adequately? Once charges are made, are they investigated thoroughly and are adequate steps taken to prevent their recurrence in the future?

The answers to these questions may develop in the coming months, for this is the season in which Internal Revenue and the taxpayer are getting better acquainted. Until recently, it was one of the least known and most vital agencies in Washington. The nation's businessman might brush against it through any of the 79 taxes it now collects, covering everything from income, gifts and capital stock to pool tables, matches and playing cards. He could sense the Bureau through the silken curtain of its forms W-2, 1040 and 1040A.

Despite these brief encounters, the Bureau has remained a veiled mystery to the average taxpayer and to congressional committees. And the taxpayer has seemed equally vague and mysterious to the Bureau. On occasion, the agency's spokesmen declared that U. S. citizens were the most forthright taxpayers on earth, that 90 per cent were honest and voluntarily paid what they owed. Although criminal evaders were pursued and run-of-mine returns occasionally looked into when the



The "bite" comes much easier when the taxpayer is relaxed

arithmetic seemed downright suspicious, Internal Revenue could afford only to nibble at the huge mountain of returns. A systematic study of clients never was made. Not until now.

But today, with taxes rising as fast as our role of world leader, the Bureau is taking its first beady look at the taxpayer. After two years of study, the findings of its Audit Control Program have been released. In its search for error it used samplings for the year 1948. It discovered that one out of every four individual tax returns—there were 52,000,000—is wrong by at least \$2. Of the faulty returns, nine out of ten were in error in favor of the taxpayer.

The greater the income, the more errors, it was discovered. People with incomes of less than \$5,000 made 11 errors for every 100 returns; people with incomes of more than \$100,000 made 72 errors for each 100 returns. Singling out business returns, it was found that firms making more than \$100,000 were wrong in 82 per cent of their returns, while those making less than \$25,000 were in error 74 per cent of the time.

With this new close look at the taxpayer, the Bureau now has re-

vised its methods of seeking out error and abandoned its former blindman's buff approach. Through its routine search of the 1948 returns, it recovered about \$1,500,000,000 in added taxes. But it discovered at least another \$1,000,000,000 in potential tax revenue for the asking—if it has the staff that knows when and where to ask. The Bureau now plans to make an audit of all returns of more than \$25,000 at least once every two years, at which time the returns for the preceding year also will be examined.

From the survey, the taxpayer could draw several conclusions. First, it was clear that the big taxpayer, who had most at stake, would approach the fine line of tax law as closely as possible with or without the help of his accountant. Because he is eager to approach that line through the complex jungle of tax law, he is also more apt to step over it. Second, the Bureau and the taxpayer will get to know each other better through increased litigation of tax claims unless Congress itself clarifies, simplifies and closes the snarling loopholes of the revenue code. Third, the Bureau has the toughest job it has ever faced in collecting

the deepening, broadening tax on the American citizen. It will need more vigilance in routing the wrongdoer out of its own offices, in preserving public respect as the tax bites close to the bone and in protecting the voluntary self-assessing tax system, which may well be the finest fiscal love affair on record.

This traditional relationship between the Bureau and the U. S. taxpayer continually startles foreign visitors who come to Washington to see how we get the money.

Through Europe and Asia, they never get it so easily. France often has verged on bankruptcy through the evasion and resistance of its citizens; in Italy, tax evasion is chronic; England gets its tax through an enforcement staff twice as large per capita as in the United States. In eastern Europe, the tax collector is usually a pistol-packing official who assesses his clients by sheer inspiration and brooks no arguments.

In the United States, Internal Revenue's enforcement staff exercises a greater psychological than physical pressure on the taxpayer to pay what he owes. Through some peculiar amalgam of national

character and individual temper, the U. S. citizen never has required Gestapo methods to get him to pay his taxes.

Today, our voluntary compliance system is undoubtedly our greatest national treasure.

The federal income tax, which is the Bureau's major administrative task, is a relatively recent innovation. Although the United States had such a tax briefly during the Civil War, it was abandoned shortly thereafter. In 1894, when the Congress tried to re-establish it, the income tax was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. Not until 1913 did it become the law of the land with the passage of the sixteenth amendment to the Constitution.

The Bureau of Internal Revenue was established as an administrative agency around the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, an office that dates back to 1862. In its earliest days, annual collections seldom exceeded \$200,000,000 and the average federal tax per capita averaged around \$3. Until World War II, the income levy was in effect a "rich man's tax"—no one paid more than \$500 unless he was earning at least \$10,000.

But today, some \$40,000,000,000

is collected annually, the average per capita tax is about \$300 and the tax collector reaches down to citizens earning no more than \$700 a year. The great broadening and deepening of the tax base that began in 1939 has increased the number of tax returns 800 per cent. During the same period, the staff that handles these 90,000,000 returns of all kinds has been increased only 150 per cent.

The revenue service today has 55,000 employees to do the job. Of these, 22,000 are actual revenue agents; the rest are executives, clerks, typists and maintenance people.

While the agency's operating cost now runs slightly more than \$200,000,000—as much as the total national tax in the first days of the agency—this allotment, the Bureau likes to say, represents only one half of one per cent of the present net federal expenditure. As the Bureau often reports, it now costs only 52 cents to collect each \$100.

For this cheerful average, "assistant collectors" can be thanked. The withholding tax or pay-as-you-go plan has made responsible tax collectors of every business in the country. The executive who withholds part of his employee's salary and sends it routinely to the Collector of Internal Revenue gives both his employe and the Bureau a relatively painless method of tax extraction. For all the efforts of Vivien Kellems, the lady manufacturer from New England who refuses to withhold taxes or assist the Bureau in its work, the great majority of businessmen accept their role of junior tax collector without protest. They themselves must be credited with a sizable chunk of the \$40,000,000,000 collected.

Further assistance comes from volunteer collectors who supply leads to criminal tax evaders. As in most law enforcement agencies, the Bureau must credit the paid informer for much of what appears to be supersleuthing. In one recent year nearly \$500,000 was paid out in rewards to "friends of the Government"—they'd turned in enough evidence against evaders to enable the Government to collect many millions of dollars in back taxes.

But most responsible for the exposing of miscreants are the Bureau's own revenue agents, who are probably the solemnest, politest and least obtrusive of government detectives. While some agents work their way up from

(Continued on page 76)

Errors are plucked from returns like raisins from a cake





PHOTO BY LEONARD MAXWELL

With traffic converging from five directions, Oneida Square presented a problem that baffled the experts. Then after lengthy study, Police Lieut. Samuel Martucci, below, came up with an intricate plan that has reduced accidents there from ten in a six month's period to two and injuries from six to one



The Town That Sold Itself Safety

By J. C. FURNAS

NOT LONG ago the streets of Utica were so hazardous that even crossing them was a risky proposition. Then the right people got tough

A RETAILER on Oneida Square in Utica, N. Y., was waiting on an elderly woman. New-customer-minded, he asked if she had just moved into the neighborhood—he hadn't had the pleasure before. . . .

"Young man," she said, "I've lived around here since before you were born. But this is the first time I've dared try to cross that dreadful street."

She had something there. So has Utica. Reform of Oneida Square—a five-way super-bottleneck apparently dreamed up by a practical joker—is only one detail in the town's four years of battle to get the better of its traffic-accident headaches.

Dollars and cents sparked it. Many people may be vaguely aware that each unnecessary motor accident—which takes in practically all of them—also is expensive for everybody in the area who insures his car. But few neighborhoods ever have that lesson rubbed in as Utica did.

In 1947, 11 national insurance companies, studying figures with professional dispassionateness, found it unmistakable that the Utica area's traffic hazards had got to be more than the community—or the companies—could afford. The unhappiest company was paying out \$1.40 in settlements for every \$1 collected from Utica car owners.

There were minor factors, in-

cluding, you hear, a touch of over-enterprise among certain local attorneys and clients. But the major trouble was clear to anybody acquainted with Arabic numerals:

In 1946, New York State, including that insurance man's nightmare, New York City, saw 4.1 claims filed per 100 cars insured. Of typical upstate small cities, Elmira had 4.0; Binghamton, 2.8; Utica, 5.2. It is understandable that, late in 1947, those 11 companies told their Utica agents, sorry, boys, we can't take it, we're pulling out.

Gloom descended promptly on the Insurance Agents' Club of Utica. Their then president, Andrew C. Treiber, became the center of a group rebelliously kicking the subject around to the point of deciding something had to be done. By 1949, their agonized efforts had whittled Utica's claims ratio down to 3.8 and, when they finally get compiled, 1950 figures are sure to show a further drop.

By 1950, despite unusual handicaps, Utica had won second place nationally among towns of 100,000-200,000 population in the National Safety Council's contest for greatest improvements in traffic safety, only 13 points in 1,000 behind the winner.

The agents attribute their success to organizing things from the inside before going to the public—meaning it's always handy to know your way around in your own com-

munity. First step was to check with the local safety council, a widely representative body previously more active in industrial than traffic safety, and set up a joint needling committee of agents and council members.

The city administration was to change the first of the year. Joseph W. Sullivan, incoming commissioner of public safety and former fire chief, had made himself a name in the early depression by smashing a lively local arson racket. Robert Gilmour, head of the safety council and an insurance-minded engineer for the Utica Mutual, figured he would get action out of Joe Sullivan by saying:

"This thing is just as serious as any arson epidemic ever was." The old fire horse listened, put on his policeman's hat—Utica's Department of Public Safety handles both police and fire services—and sent out the word.

Gilmour, Treiber and company then tackled Vincent R. Carrou, former mayor, now secretary of the chamber of commerce, which fathers the safety council. Carrou caught on fast, packed his bag and went along with them to New York City to talk it over with the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, the National Association of Insurance Agents, and the various companies that had quit Utica more in sorrow than in anger.

No waste motion, always great tact. It wasn't politicians but responsible private citizens who presently called to suggest to Judge John J. Walsh of Utica City Court that heavier fines might inject a little more sense into local drivers. All down the line arose an impression that things were to be different.

Utica is a town of 101,000 people that grew catch-as-catch-can near a ford in the Mohawk River. Her street plan, now virtually impossible to revise unless the city burns down, looks like a doodle drawn by an intoxicated man with galloping astigmatism. Main highway traffic from all points bulls right through town and clogs both ends of the main thoroughfare—Genesee Street, fed by converging streams from streets that either jog as they cross or enter at unpredictable and cockeyed angles.

The crunch of fenders as drivers differed over right of way, the bleats of leaping pedestrians, the moans of drivers funneling through narrow streets stiff with parked cars, were the long-standing order of the day. Haphazardly



Now, three out of four speedsters picked up are not Uticans, but out-of-towners who are not aware that the city has got tough



Nearly everybody is in the safety act. The Boy Scouts tuck warning cards under the windshield wipers of parked vehicles



placed STOP signs and a few red lights here and there only stimulated confusion. Utica speeders exceeding the reasonable latitude that the cops allowed had been accustomed to accepting a ticket with a shrug and paying up to \$10.

The first sign of the new order consisted of Judge Walsh's suddenly making it \$30 for first offense, \$60 for the second, a rousing \$100 for third. Running a STOP sign had been a bargain at \$3—now it cost \$15, and all other penalties were jacked up to match.

Naturally there were outraged roars. Letters deluged Joe Sullivan and the new mayor, Boyd S. Golder, who has doggedly backed Sullivan and Walsh throughout. One eminent citizen, who bitterly protested a \$30 fine for speeding, called up next day subduedly to apologize in view of the fact that a young girl cousin of his had been killed by a speeder that morning. Cracking down on overtime parkers, as general education in obeying the rules, added more fat to the fire.

Worse still, the police got and carried—and are still carrying—out orders not to hand out tickets but take the traffic rule violator to the station house and book him on the same blotter as porch climbers and vagrants. To save the court's time, he is not discouraged from posting and then forfeiting cash bail in the amount of this scale of super-fines.

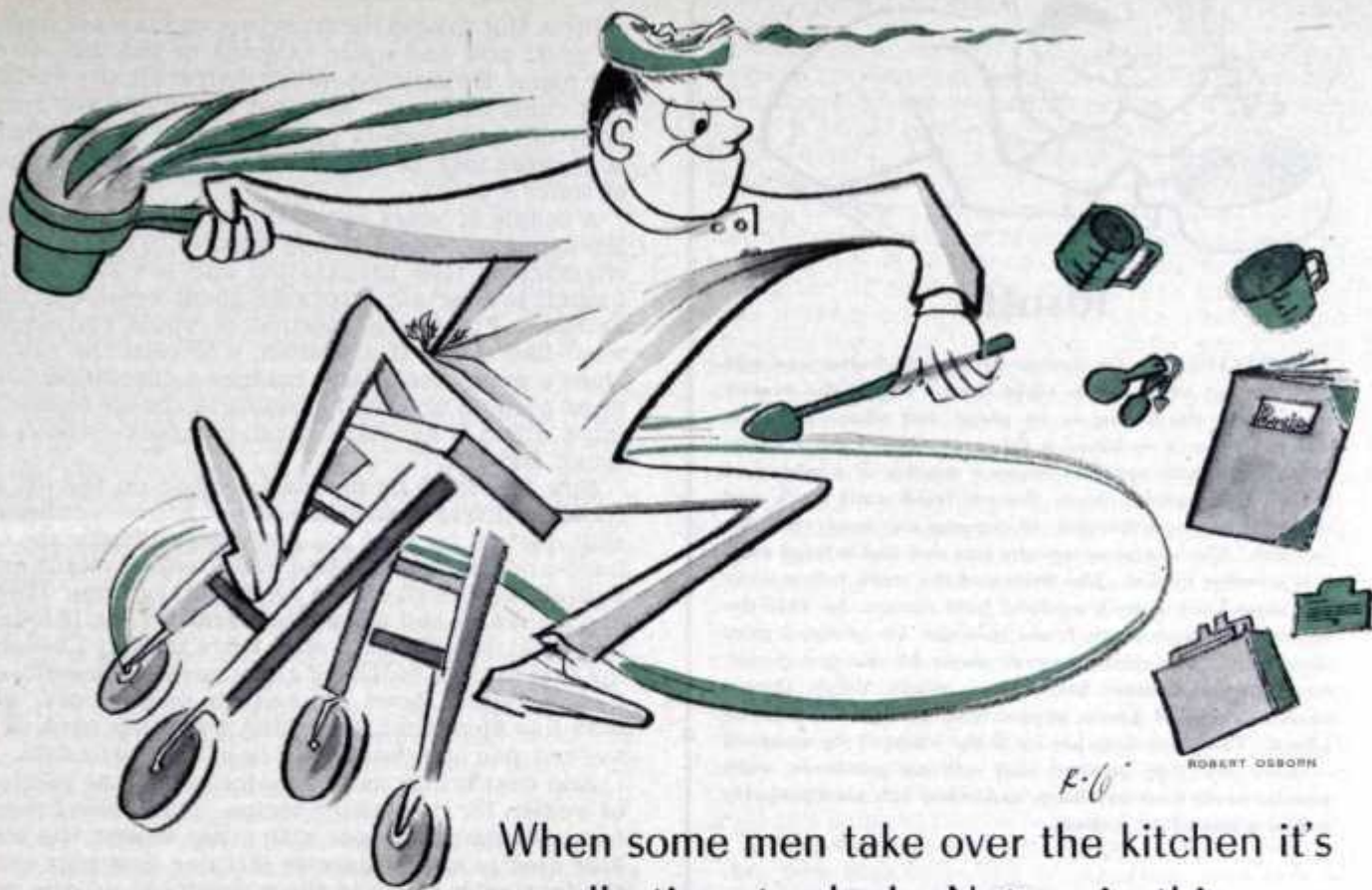
Out of 672 arrests for minor misbehavior in traffic last year, only 60-odd got into court, the rest forfeited. But, in either case, it's the money that impresses and, incidentally, pays off for the city. City Court's annual income has jumped almost \$38,000 in three years, practically all from tougher traffic enforcement and increased fines.

By now, three out of four speeders picked up are not Uticans but out-of-towners, still unaware that the city is tough. Some local citizens feel that a break might be given these interlopers. But Judge Walsh is well aware that the outskirts of town are covered with repeated speed-zone signs and "UTICA—TRAFFIC LAWS ENFORCED" in foot-high black letters that happen to mean what they say. Says Joe Sullivan:

"Seems to me a child killed by an out-of-town driver would be just as dead as if one of our own folks did it."

Those outskirts signs bring up the case of Police Lieut. Samuel Martucci, the self-made traffic engineer. Martucci's early days on

(Continued on page 88)



When some men take over the kitchen it's usually time to duck. Not so in this case

I Cooked My Own Goose

By LAURENCE GREENE

THE TELEPHONE rings. The voice is female and combines the outstanding qualities of the Loreleis—the original who peddled allure on a rocky chaise longue and the Miss Lee of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." It cries in a kind of joy-filled gurgle:

"You must come to dinner! Jasper's playing cook—and you know Jasper's spaghetti sauce!"

Yes, lady, I do. I have been made acquainted with the spaghetti sauces of enough Jaspers to populate Walla Walla, Wash., with an overflow for a suburb to be called Walla Ditto. I have wished those Jaspers boiled in their own sauce or burned alive on the same fires with which they reduce good beef to clinkers. (This refers to the voice in its summer version: "But you can't say no! Jasper's barbecuing!")

For all this seeming bitterness, I owe the Jaspers a vote of thanks. Their assaults on my gastric system have been in no small measure responsible for my adventures as a cook. There have been other factors, but I think the dominant one was the Jaspers' constant braying about their incredible sauce. I was repeatedly offended that I should be considered sucker enough to believe the sauce was anything but credible. Its standard version: Combine hamburger, tomato sauce, salt and pepper; stir while cooking so as properly to foul up the whole; dump on defenseless spaghetti.

The other reasons for turning cook were almost

equally compelling. My wife had a job and I had a job. I had afternoons free; she did not. For what seems in retrospect several centuries, we ate in restaurants.

So there were three compulsions. First, self-respect demanded that I prove the Jaspers wrong. Second, we wanted to eat at home. Third, and for the purposes of this dissertation, perhaps most important, was a need for a leisure-time occupation. I have ever been a sedentary man, but I have had little luck with hobbies. Golf is nice but it can't be summer always. Stamp collecting is for imbeciles. My home movies in color always turned out as drunken spectra; I am a manual moron and may never play with such toys as power lathes.

Inevitably arrived the night when I gagged on the last dose of a Jasper's sauce. This led to reflection on the inferiority complex that drives him, with the same mad concentration of the lemming swimming west, to such culinary doodling. In the beginning I was interested solely in the sociological aspects of the matter: What does Jasper seek to hide in his Niagaras of spaghetti sauce? If that which spurs Jasper is hidden somewhere deeply in me, how can I avoid his fate?

It came to me that the American male in the kitchen is not quite so lost and unknowing as he would be, say, in the delivery room—but he comes close. He has let the woman be boss of the pots and



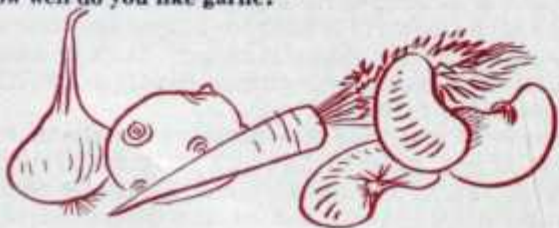
Risotto

THE RECIPE says fry onions in oil, add butter and add rice. I went off the rails right there. I have the utmost respect for the onion in its place, but where flavor is essential—as in so bland a thing as rice—I am a garlic man. My risotto revolves about a quarter of a pound of butter, three garlic cloves shaved, fried until black and removed, a proper quantity of rice and any meat, virtually any fish. The rice goes into the pan raw and is fried until it is a coffee brown. The flesh and the stock follow—for any meat I use a stock made of beef extract, for fowl the heaviest chicken broth I can manage, for seafood pure clam juice. The mixture needs about 40 minutes of simmering; ten minutes before it is ready, thinly shaved onions, chopped green pepper and pimento should be added. The seasonings are up to the whim of the moment—there are fine poultry and seafood mixtures, chili powder never hurt anything, and celery salt used properly is like a medal on a chest.



Kidney Stew

I THINK the kidney should be veal, should be parboiled whole, should be sautéed and then should simmer in the broth for an hour or so with nothing added but onions and seasoning. The vegetables should be cooked separately—carrots only until they are ever so slightly crunchy, potatoes until the fork meets with some resistance, whole white onions (as distinguished from the slices with the meat) until they are nearly soft. The stew should never be assembled until about 15 minutes before table time—just long enough for some of the juices to permeate the vegetables without unduly softening them. I have ignored other ingredients in a proper kidney stew because they are usually the sweepings of the refrigerator, the dabs of leftover peas, cabbage and the like. I have not stressed the importance of sautéing the cubed kidneys in garlic butter, because the importance is to me and may not be to you. You could ask, for example, how much garlic to crisp in the butter, and the only answer I could offer would be another question: "I have no idea, but—how well do you like garlic?"



skillets. But to hold the franchise on his masculinity he must now and again attempt to put her out of her place. He must say loftily, "After all, the world's best chefs are men." He must try to join the company of the Escoffiers by turning out his one dish, be it meat loaf, or spaghetti, or barbecue, a couple of times a year.

A couple of years ago these meditations more or less demanded that I kick in the door to this Merlin's chamber of food preparation and see for myself. I admit to a certain arrogance about woman, in this decision. Put into a question, it would run somewhat like this: "If a woman, who calls the ace of clubs a puppy foot, can't balance a checkbook, and must pretend to write her name in the air to determine which is her right hand, can cook—what's so tough about it?"

Now this is by no means a sermon on the art of cooking. Every man is master of his own culinary skill, just as he is of his prejudices. There are no hard-and-fast rules; taste buds, temperament and budget pretty well decide what hits the table. There are menus in and about this treatise, but through no particular effort of mine. From the day I bought my first 25-cent cookbook and a mess of comestibles, I have written down none of my own recipes. My wife has done that, breathing down my neck as I worked, pad and busy pencil in her hot little fists.

And that brings us to a major point: the passion of women for the written recipe. They collect them from newspapers, trade with other women the way kids used to swap cigarette pictures, and pore over the four-color plates in the magazines—usually depicting salads! They are idolators of the precise measurement. Finally, they are indefatigable tasters. All of which makes it reasonable that the world's finest cooking should be done by men. A woman by nature cannot venture, even in what is supposed to be her own realm. She must follow a printed list, dole out her ingredients to the ounce or grain and show constantly by her tasting that she hasn't any courage in what she's doing.

For my part, I consider experiment and audacity the basis of all cookery. No man will ever amount to beans in a kitchen unless he has the sort of insane courage that sends soldiers to the cannon's mouth. The book will say "a tsp. of this and a tbs. of that"—but how does a cook know what is right for his palate?

I have three cookbooks—by Elizabeth Woody, Fannie Farmer and Ida Bailey Allen. They cost a quarter each. Their function, as far as I am concerned, has the relative importance of the excavation for a house. I can learn the main ingredients of a dish from the book, or how many minutes to the pound roast meat needs. But I could never prepare a dinner from the book. What would come out would be as pallid as a hot wheat cereal without seasoning, milk or sugar.

There is risotto, for instance. Risotto is a fine dish. It lends itself to as many variations as there are foods. A recipe for it appears, however, in only one of my three books, Mrs. Allen's, and there because she was publishing in wartime and panted to help housewives stretch their budgets. (Here you come immediately upon the snobbery of the woman: risotto is a rice dish, rice is for coolies, never make a risotto until you're governed by a ration book.) My recipe for risotto is around here somewhere.

The cookbook's shortcomings extend to virtually everything edible except the nonsense dishes, like salads and desserts. Pick up practically any woman's magazine and turn to the cooking section. You

will find described there multitudinous ways in which to combine gelatin, mayonnaise and something else into salads as violently eye-catching as a Broadway spectacular. But you will look vainly for something important, like cocktail sauce.

One cookbook I have says a cocktail sauce for seafood should consist of 1 cup of ketchup, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice, 1 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce, 4 tsp. prepared horse radish. Another offers this variant: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ketchup, 3 tbs. mild vinegar or lemon juice, 10 drops tabasco, salt, 2 tsp. Worcestershire, 2 tbs. chopped celery.

Pfui!

An oyster is a pitiful creature, even when fully dressed. Strip him to the waist and he's tragic. Before any civilized man is compelled to eat him, some appurtenance of dignity is essential. A suggestion for supplying this dignity is also appended.

To get on with the indictment.

One of the glaring outrages in a feminine kitchen is its tools. Ours were average, I think, before I took over. We had shakers for condiments which would hold a gram or two. They would dribble a grain or so into whatever pot was working, if I shook hard enough. One of my first acts was to banish them. I started saving jars from some such products as instant coffee. I have a collection of them now, the holes in the lid as large as they could be made with an ice pick. When I season I like to do it quickly and without unnecessary motion.

Our knives were almost as feeble, from a utilitarian standpoint, as the shakers. My wife believes that a paring knife should cost a dime; she will go to 29 cents for a carver, but reluctantly. The

blades of these implements lose their edge halfway through the first cube of butter. If you are going to cook, buy a decent set of knives and a little grindstone. And get a decent cutting board—mine came from a lumber mill, is of white oak and measures 24 by 30 inches.

Pots and pans can be almost anything, but two double-boilers are a must. Any food that is to be kept hot should be placed over boiling water.

Another of my cooking credos says that women have a tendency to forget the body comforts and do everything the hard way. Take our kitchen ladder-stool, for instance. My wife was appalled when I had holes drilled in the legs and inserted big rubber-tired casters. I pointed out that when I was whipping up a stew I had to move from table to stove to sink pretty regularly, and I could see no reason why I couldn't push myself around.

The feminine apron is a frill. The ones department stores sell for men are monstrosities—I mean the things with the stenciled wisecracks, like "Quiet—genius at work" and "What's berlin' Merlin?" I wear a barber's coat. It wraps around and covers everything. It has one breast pocket for cigarettes and lighter. It has two patch pockets, one for a dish towel left hanging out and the other for miscellany—eggs, for instance, when what you are doing at the range is going to require them in a minute or two. Finally, one of those bean-bag ash-trays is a help—it can be tossed anywhere and kept at convenient hand for the chain-smoking chef.

My own history in the kitchen has been one of progress and development. I learned first the amateur has a tendency to go (Continued on page 79)

Experiment and audacity rule men's cooking, but women prefer the printed recipe





Middle-Class SQUEEZE

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

SOMETIMES John R. Statistic looks out of his window and down the pleasant street where he lives. The substantial houses he sees range—at present prices—from \$30,000 to \$50,000. They are the homes of his neighbors, leaders in business and the professions who earn at least \$10,000 a year.

However, Mr. S and many of his neighbors are not as prosperous and contented as one would suppose. The truth is they are victims of the "Great Squeeze": soaring taxes and soaring prices.

Feeling sorry for John S doesn't make sense. He has more of the world's goods than most Americans. He eats well, although not as well as he would like to. His family gets adequate medical care. His future is fairly secure. What troubles him is that things have not worked out as he once supposed they would.

At this point it is necessary to offer a brief description of Mr. Statistic. He is a fellow who has crossed the border which marks being 50 years old. He plays a little golf and is happy if he breaks 100. He has two children almost ready for college, and he owns a comfortable equity in his home. He ought to be well off. But he worries more about money now. Ends used to meet with something to spare, but he has a tough time making them meet now.

Perhaps, John ponders as he begins to examine

his unpaid bills, his standard of living is all wrong. As he looks at them he feels that there are some pretty strange items, in view of the unbalance of his budget.

To one of them is clipped an appeal from his college fraternity. The chapter needs funds to repair the house and is, as usual, trying to put the bite on the alumni and John had agreed to subscribe \$50 during the year.

Other pledges stare coldly at him; the Community Chest, the Red Cross, a fund for refugee children, his university's endowment drive. John might have been resolute and turned all these down.

"I'd like to contribute," he might have said. "I've always given what I could in the past. But in the prosperous year 1951, I just haven't got the dough. So thank you very much, and good-by."

He might have said something like that. But he didn't, of course. A man earning \$12,000 a year has to sign up for all the drives, whether he has the money or not. His position requires generous donations.

Maintaining a position, John knows, is a principal source of all his financial woes. Why, for instance, must he live in a \$30,000 house, for such is the current value of the place? The house isn't new and upkeep is heavy. So are the taxes. He could sell it and move to a new development on the outskirts of town where he could buy a comfortable house for \$15,000.

Mr. S has never had the courage to discuss that alternative with his wife and children, however. All their friends live nearby. A man—particularly a \$12,000 man—is judged by where he lives. Besides, the cost of moving would be heavy; it would be necessary to spend \$2,000 or \$3,000 for furniture. A man in his position has to have a pleasantly furnished home and old things never quite go with a new house. He is really better off where he is. At least, he so convinces himself.

And then there is Mrs. S's position to consider. She is active in the women's club and this means giving luncheons and teas. She belongs to a group which plays bridge once a week; again she must take her turn entertaining.

In the back of John's mind is the time 30 years

A generation ago \$12,000 a year meant Easy Street. Today, John Statistic, Jr., makes as many dollars as his father did in 1920, but what he gets with them is a different story:

	1920 FATHER	1951 SON
Income tax	\$ 800	\$ 2,200
House financing	600	1,800
Life insurance premiums.....	260	750
Fire insurance premiums.....	30	60
Food	1,250	2,000
Clothing	1,750	2,000
Household operation	900	1,000
Auto expenses	400	900
Gifts, churches, charity.....	300	600
Maids and household help.....	850	—
Medical, barber and beauty....	100	400
Education and miscellaneous	1,760	290
Savings and luxuries.....	3,000	—
Total.....	\$12,000	\$12,000

ago when his father, a corporation accountant, was raised to \$12,000 a year. The son remembers well how affluent the family was. His parents often went to Europe in the summer or on extended trips through the Rocky Mountain country. Federal taxes were negligible. The cost of living was low. Mr. Statistic, Sr., bought a fine house for \$11,000 and this was not too much for him to pay. All the budget books said that it was sound for a man to invest that much of his annual income in his home.

The son was in college when his father moved into the \$10,000 class, and he lived as the son of a rich man should. All his college expenses were paid. He was presented with a roadster when he graduated.

Young John acquired at that time a taste for the good things of life; books, concerts and the theater. He bought custom-made shirts and went to a tailor for his clothes. He dined at the best restaurants on visits to Chicago or New York. Maybe that was the trouble, too; such tastes were now far too expensive.

All this carries no implication that young John was profligate. On the contrary, he got a job immediately after his graduation. The salary was low and the hours long. But John Statistic, Jr., was ambitious. A pretty girl he'd met during a vacation had agreed to marry him as soon as he could support her. So he worked (Continued on page 60)





Ben raised his gun, centering it squarely on the broad chest. "So get on with it!"

Duel at Greasewood Flats

By CALVIN J. CLEMENTS

NATION'S BUSINESS SHORT STORY OF THE MONTH



MATT CLARK

Purty snarled and blinked his eyes against the sweat beading and breaking over his forehead

HHE HALTED the roan on the crest of the ridge. Because there was still much time, he rolled a cigarette and lighted it. Night shrouded the desert town far below him and he sat there a moment, smoking, looking down at the gaunt buildings dimly visible in the chilly darkness. Nothing stirred.

A tightness rose in his throat. Abruptly he tossed the cigarette away and rode on, descending into the wagon road that sloped toward the town. He was a tall leathery man, his bony frame only slightly bent with the 60 years reflected in his deep-lined face. His gray eyes were faded and moody, and he wore loose-fitting jeans and knee-high boots, the weight of the gun strapped to his side—an unfamiliar thing—adding to the dreamlike quality of the morning.

He didn't really have to meet Jud Purty, he thought. He could turn back and death would again be far away. The cost, merely his pride.

He urged the roan to a swifter trot.

The ground leveled as he neared the town, and he drew up abreast the blacksmith's shed, a lone clapboard structure darkly outlined against the night. Dismounting, he stood a moment, his eyes following the wagon road as it converged on the gloomy frame buildings of Greasewood Flats.

"Pa."

Ben turned to the dark form that was then emerg-

ing from the shadow of the blacksmith's shed.

"Jud Purty ain't here yet, pa."

Ben nodded. "It's a little early, Robbie."

The boy halted a few feet away. He was as lean as Ben, at 16 almost as tall. In a low voice he said,

"In the duel, pa, you won't stand much chance." He hesitated and lowered his eyes. "I reckon Jud Purty will kill you."

Ben cleared his throat with self-conscious effort. "Perhaps not, Robbie. Perhaps not."

The boy squatted on his heels, his dark head bowing as he picked up a handful of road dust and squeezed it hard, as if he needed something to hold tight to.

"Ma says you can't even shoot a gun straight. Reckon she's right if you ain't never carried one."

Ben remained silent, troubled by his son's distress but uncertain how to answer. He had little skill with a Colt, so he did not deny this fact.

"Didn't work, did it, pa?" the boy said, and now a bitterness crept into his voice. "Getting pushed around by Jud Purty all these years an' acting like you didn't mind."

He looked up at Ben, his dark eyes suddenly bright, as if close to tears.

"Know something, pa? It's not to be that way any more. I aim to do no favors for the Purtyes. If you're not here to ride home with me, pa, I'll



The boy squatted, squeezed a handful of road dust as if he needed something to hold tight

be fencing off the creek. I'll be fencing it off and I aim to be right handy when the Purty's come looking for trouble."

Ben frowned down at his son.

"Now wait a minute, boy. In a little while I'll be meeting Jud Purty but I figure on it being the end of the feud, not a fresh start. A time will come when you and Purty's sons will be running things around here and there'll be no Jud Purty to stir the things that are dead. There's no call for you to start creek trouble with his boys. The fences have been down for 30 years and you're not talking sense saying you'll put them up."

The boy rose, his lips set with stubbornness.

"The creek's ours! If it's on our land it's our right to keep it for ourselves!"

"Our right, boy?" Ben sighed and rubbed his jaw. "Well, I don't know, Robbie. The creek's ours, true enough, but when cattle start dying right in front of water, I don't reckon it counts much who owns the water. No, Robbie, you leave the creek be. There'll be dry spells when there maybe won't be enough water for both ranches, but a few cattle dying on our land is better than gunplay. With no fences at the creek there's no call for you and Purty's kin to be squabbling."

"No fences there now. Ain't stopped Jud Purty from callin' you out, though."

"Jud Purty's different, boy. There's a gun-sickness in him. When he came out to the ranch last night he was hoping to rile me enough to call him out. For 30 years that's been his hope. I reckon he got tired waiting. . . ."

Ben glanced toward the town. The eastern sky had suddenly paled and the hills were etching their blackness against a gray, frosty dawn. Visible now were the stunted cedars at the far end of town. Ben detected no movement there. Purty, then, had not yet arrived.

Ben tilted his head toward the blacksmith's shed. "Jud Purty was maybe half your age and standing right here when he saw his pa being hanged from the rafters of that shed by your uncles. Took Wyatt

Purty from the barber chair, they did, and swung him from the rafters with the wet lather still dripping from his face. I know, boy; you'll say they had cause when they found my pa shot dead in his own fencing wire, but still it was a brutal thing for a boy to see and it gave Jud Purty a hate for the Coles that his sons don't have.

"He remembers the duels that followed, Robbie, three Purty's and two Coles dying over a creek belonging to one and needed by the other. Maybe to even the score's been on his mind. I can't figure the man's mind, Robbie, but it adds up to a sickness—a sickness his sons don't have. Not yet, they don't. You understand what I'm saying, boy?"

The boy's dark eyes brooded on the distant cedars. "Purty ain't killing my pa and then watering his cattle at our creek," he muttered. "That don't make sense. They won't be coming on our land, pa. I'm set on it."

Ben shook his head wearily. "Robbie, whatever happens, this morning has to be the end."

He gripped his son's arm. "Listen, boy. If I don't meet Purty, can you take it when you're laughed at, maybe? Can you turn your back and walk away when they say your pa's a coward? Or will you be meeting the wrong word with a gun in your hand?"

Robbie's face clouded. "I don't know, pa."

"Answer me, boy!"

"Pa, if I said yes, I'd be lying. I just don't know."

Ben patted his son's shoulder.

"I'll be getting on, Robbie. Purty should be coming in soon. Reckon I'll walk the way."

Ben moved down the road, and suddenly he felt tired, much older. He hadn't counted on his son's bringing the creek water into dispute again. The feud *couldn't* start again, he thought fiercely. This had to be the end—but if he was killed it would be only a new beginning.

He approached the edge of town, his mind groping for a solution. Before him the flimsy buildings of Greasewood stood bleak and grimy in the half-light. Ben was aware of dark forms in the shadows, but to these he paid no heed. He halted in the center of the road, his eyes searching the distant cedars. Somewhere down there a coyote barked, but nothing stirred. He stood waiting, the silence of the town strangely unreal. And suddenly Ben thought: *Jud Purty isn't coming. . . .*

Three horsemen appeared at the cedars. One dismounted and walked into the center of the road. He stood there, a dark shape in the graying morning, feet apart, waiting.

One of the other riders came galloping up the road. Ben recognized the rawboned youth in the saddle as Purty's youngest son. The rider reined in several yards from Ben. He appeared uncertain, embarrassed.

"Pa says maybe it's best to wait for sunup, Mister Cole."

Ben nodded. "Suits me, Davie."

"When the sun lights the road?" asked the boy.

Ben nodded again. The youth rode back to the cedars.

(Continued on page 82)



When Villa Ricans were given an eight-acre tract for a play area they pitched in and cleaned it up

Home Sweet Home Town

By ARTHUR GORDON



WHEN Georgia Power inspired small towns to help themselves, it started a chain reaction of progress

A DOZEN years ago, the sovereign State of Georgia was in a bad way. In two decades it had lost nearly a third of its manufacturing plants. The dollar value of its agricultural products had dropped a staggering 70 per cent. Small towns, forlorn and dirty, were stagnant pools of inertia. The young people were pulling out in droves.

Today, in the same state industry is booming. The dollar value of manufactured goods is up 315 per cent over 1939. Agriculture is becoming diversified and mechanized—ten years ago there were only 9,000 tractors in Georgia; now there are more than 50,000. The emigration of young people almost has ceased. Many of the emigrants, in fact, are returning.

What has been happening? Our whole national economy has expanded, of course, but Georgia's advance far exceeds the national average. Per capita income has

jumped 234 per cent compared to a national gain of 146 per cent. In 1948, the rate of business failures in Georgia was only 43 per 1,000—by far the lowest in the nation.

The events of the past few years in Georgia are a heartening reminder that there is no limit to what people can accomplish—given a program for self-betterment and a slight push. In this case the people deserve most of the credit: they came to life and did the work. But if you talk to any fair-minded small-town Georgian he will tell you—without any snide remarks about big business, either—that many of the improvements in his area might never have come about without the program sponsored by the Georgia Power Company.

In 1943, with Georgia riding the crest of a temporary war boom, a vice president of Georgia Power named Charles A. Collier did some hard thinking. He remembered

how, after World War I, the easy money vanished in silk-shirt spending and the state's economy came down with a crash. He was deeply concerned about the steady migration of young people. Three hundred and fifty thousand Georgians were then in uniform. Would they come back to their shabby towns, their restricted opportunities? Would they settle for the tired old status quo? He didn't think so.

Georgia, clearly, needed industry to provide more jobs. It could offer a fine climate, ample labor, good transportation facilities. But all too often executives from northern companies would look at a prospective factory site and shake their heads. "How," they would ask, "could our supervisory personnel be happy in a town like this?"

If the economic weakness of the so-called Empire State of the South was in the small communities, Collier reasoned, might not its economic salvation be found there too? Something was needed to clean up and build up the small towns, restore the energy and self-respect of their residents. Otherwise, when the war prosperity ended, the old inertia and aimlessness would return. Unless there was some kind of special effort, some sort of plan. . . .

The plan evolved by Georgia Power, known as the Better Home Towns Program, steered clear of fancy social theories. It offered no subsidies, no giveaways, no dole. Furthermore, it didn't try to do things for people. It merely encouraged them to do things for themselves. By appealing to the basic human instinct for self-improvement, by stimulating civic rivalry and local pride, by rewarding effort with favorable publicity, a quiet revolution gradually was accomplished.

It was not philanthropy; it was good business. Georgia Power services 140 of the 159 counties in the state. The revenues of the company, therefore, are a reflection of the prosperity—or lack of it—in the state as a whole. Only by helping Georgia could Collier and his colleagues help themselves.

The beginnings of the plan were modest. During the war people couldn't rebuild, or remodel much. So the emphasis was on face lifting. Citizens were urged to clean up their communities, remove eyesores, paint old houses, plant shrubs and flowers, spruce up stores.

Later, when materials became available, larger projects were tackled: new schools and churches,

new businesses, water and sewerage projects, new industrial plants. In a quiet way the power company advisers discouraged small-town leaders from trying frantically to coax outside capital and industry with one sort of concession or another. They were urged to set up small local industries, financed with local capital and processing local raw materials.

To promote the program, the company created a community development division composed of a staff of experts working exclusively on the Better Home Towns Program. If a group of citizens decided their town needed a recreation park, an engineer was available to help them lay it out. If they wanted a survey of economic conditions and opportunities in their area, an expert would make one for them. If they had an agricultural problem, a

specialist was ready to assist them.

But always the company stayed out of the limelight, played down its own part, and did its best to make the people feel that it was *their* program—which indeed it was.

In the beginning, a series of letter-writing contests were sponsored, with cash prizes for the most constructive ideas. In 1948 a new approach was tried: community improvement competition between the towns themselves. Identified as the Champion Home Town Contest, it was so successful and produced so many tangible benefits that it has become an annual institution.

On the average, more than 200 communities have competed in each of these contests. Only towns with 20,000 people or fewer are eligible. Prizes are awarded in three

BEFORE: Once the city hall in Villa Rica looked like this



BEFORE: Sylvania's business district used to be shabby



population groups: less than 750, 750 to 3,000, and 3,000 to 20,000. In each division the first prize is \$1,000, the second \$750, and the third \$500, with four \$100 honorable mentions. The only condition attached to these prizes is that the money be spent on some useful civic project—something a prize-winning town is invariably panting to do anyway.

The usual procedure is for the townspeople to set up a general committee with a member drawn from each civic, fraternal or religious group, both white and colored. Then a dozen or more sub-committees are created. Each has its own area of responsibility: beautification, municipal development, tourists, recreation, education, health and sanitation, business and industry, agriculture, advertising and publicity; transpor-

tation, religious welfare, youth, and so on. The company stands ready to help any group with manuals, suggestions or advice.

Citizens are encouraged to begin by regarding their town with a cold and fishy eye, to see themselves as others see them, to analyze the job they are facing, and then to do something about it. Their over-all objectives are simple and fundamental: to make their town cleaner, more progressive, more prosperous; to attract new businesses and new residences; to develop initiative and leadership among the people — especially the young people.

The amazing thing about the program is this: it works. It is always difficult to break down the initial inertia, to blow away the dust that may have been accumulating, literally and figuratively,

AFTER: Today's \$40,000 building stems from community effort



AFTER: It hardly seemed like the same place with its face lifted



CHAMPION home town in the 1950 contest was Dawson. C. A. Collier, Georgia Power Company vice president and originator of the program, presented the award

for decades. But once the first step is taken, the paralysis seems to lift. A surge of vitality seems to sweep through the town. You can sense it; you can almost hear it crackle. As one observer said, looking at his revitalized main street, "Something is marching through Georgia—and brother, this time it isn't Sherman!"

Under the impact of this collective community effort, all sorts of old antagonisms begin to break down. A civic leader in the little town of Villa Rica pointed at the railroad tracks. "You know," he said, "that used to be the dividing line in this town. You lived on this side of the tracks, or that side. Now there isn't any difference."

Villa Rica, typically, has a new factory. Its citizens heard that a large manufacturer of iron furniture and metal caskets was thinking of moving out of Atlanta. In 24 hours they raised \$6,000 to buy a tract of land, scraped up another \$3,000 for grading, sent a delegation to the city, and proceeded to land the prize. The factory, already partially in operation, ultimately will need 800 workers. Villa Rica, with only 2,200 inhabitants, is confident it can supply them and is already enlarging church and school facilities.

The citizens also decided they

should have a recreational area with tennis courts and a concrete apron for roller skating or dancing. The town owned some land which they thought they could use. But when the power company's engineer saw it, he shook his head. No good. Drainage wasn't right; grading would be too difficult. The Villa Ricans were only momentarily dismayed.

A young doctor donated another tract of eight acres. A citizen offered the services of his crew of 35 laborers to clean it up. The Villa Ricans will have their playground. And they'll be as proud of it as they are of their new \$40,000 city hall or their efficient 18-bed hospital.

Once a citizen has been persuaded to join in this sort of effort, there's no telling how far he will go. In the little town of Arlington one of the stores offered a weekly prize of \$5 to the resident who made the most spectacular improvement in the appearance of his property. A colored man won, by painting the outside of his house. This made him dissatisfied with the dingy interior, so he painted that, too. Then the sight of his gleaming home in a barren and untidy yard distressed him, so he began planting shrubs and flowers.

Last reports had him building a fine picket fence to go around his new landscaping.

It was in this same town that the colored residents hit on the idea of giving a red tag to each family whose performance lived up to certain standards. The tag could be displayed on the front door and—more important—children in that family could wear little red tags to school.

An absolute frenzy of clean-up activity resulted. Anyone without a red tag became a social leper. Arlington won second prize in the 1950 contest for towns in the middle population group!

IN MANY towns the colored citizens work just as hard as the whites and share in the benefits and prizes.

At a mixed meeting held in Toccoa recently a colored citizen stood up and said the name of their town meant 'beautiful' in the Indian language, and that his people were not going to tolerate any slovenliness or disorder in their section. He said their school was going to be as clean, attractive, and well equipped as any in north Georgia. As a matter of fact, it is.

The way the prize-winning towns spend their cash prizes is in-

teresting. Franklin, champion home town, near the Alabama line, spent \$850 of its \$1,000 for playground equipment and gave \$150 to the Mary Johnson Colored School. Dawson spent \$500 to install rest rooms at its playground, \$250 for shrubbery at the hospital, and gave \$250 to the colored high school. Nicholls (whose cleanup campaign included a rat-killing contest) bought septic tanks and a sink for their hospital kitchen. That hospital, incidentally, was built by a veterans training class in masonry and carpentry; labor costs were just about nil.

Arlington spent \$500 on a new community house and \$250 for toilets at the colored school. Toccoa earmarked its prize money for a library fund. Sylvania devoted \$450 to establishing a nursery in which to grow plants to beautify the town.

The honorable mention winners spent their \$100 for such things as a book-mobile, an electrocardiograph, uniforms for the high school band, and so on.

THE contest runs from October to October. Townspeople are urged to keep a record of each improvement and submit a report, usually in elaborate scrapbook form. Judges chosen by the power company study these reports, visit the towns to see for themselves, then make their awards.

And what has the company got

out of all this? What has been the payoff?

Since its inception in 1944, the program has cost Georgia Power more than \$500,000 and is now running at about \$125,000 per year for prizes, salaries, publicity and other expenses. Company officials consider the money well invested. The favorable publicity and consumer loyalty alone are invaluable. But there is a more practical yardstick than that. Between 1944 and the beginning of 1951 the number of customers increased 59 per cent. The amount of electricity sold jumped 66 per cent, with a revenue gain of some \$29,000,000 or 81 per cent.

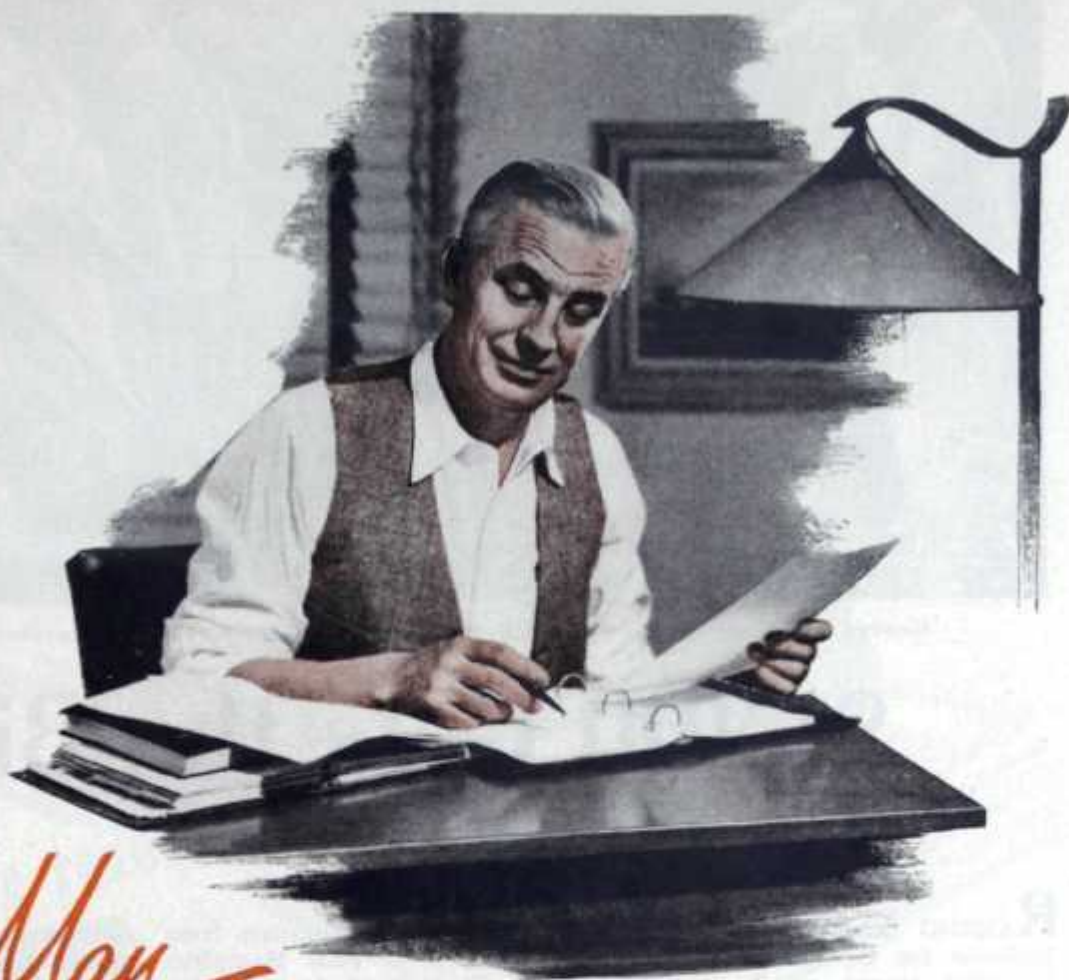
During the same period the national increase was considerably less, being 42 per cent as to energy and 55 per cent as to revenue. Nobody claims that the program was solely responsible, but it played a large part.

In other words, enlightened self-interest pays substantial dividends.

Perhaps the happiest aspect of these Champion Home Town Contests in Georgia is that while the number of official winners is limited, there are no losers. Each town that competes comes out a cleaner, finer, better place to live. And with each such advance—make no mistake about it—the future of America grows brighter, and the welfare of its citizens more secure.



"The money for this week's paper? Well, let's see—you'll probably find it out there in the shrubbery some place"



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George Schellinger, far left, owner of a pheasant shooting farm, with some of his guests

\$1,200 Gets the Bird

By DAVID LANDMAN

RAISSING pheasants is a nice business for George Schellinger, Jr., who stages small shooting parties and elaborate, \$1,200-a-day outings on his game farm in Sag Harbor, N. Y., near the eastern tip of Long Island. Here at Spring Farm the season is six months long, licenses are unnecessary and the bag is unlimited. So hunters come from as far away as Texas.

Schellinger (he pronounces it Skell-in-ger) is a husky blond chap with the hard-to-place, almost-New England accent of men born and raised out near Montauk. After studying at the Game Conservation Institute at Clinton, N. J., he worked a while for the New York State Conservation Department, then decided to go on his own. He's been breeding ring-necks for a dozen years, and for the past five people have been handing him thick wads of greenbacks for the privilege of shooting at those birds right on his 300-acre patch of field and rolling woodland.

For a pheasant drive you report to Schellinger around nine some morning between Sept. 1 and Feb. 29, bringing 11 friends.

During a morning of shooting there's coffee on the house or beer if the autumn sun is hot, but luncheon isn't included in your \$1,200 fee. After all, George is a game farmer, not a caterer. That's

no deterrent for the hunters from Southampton or East Hampton, nearby. They simply have the station wagon come up with the silver ice-buckets, sherry-laden soup, venison stew, and perhaps by special arrangement a platter of hard-boiled pheasant eggs. Less favored parties open baskets of sandwiches packed by their wives, or adjourn to Sag Harbor for ham and old-fashioned chicken eggs.

After lunch shooting is resumed. Because the number of potential customers for \$1,200 pheasant drives is limited—even in the Hamptons, the gold coast of Long Island—Schellinger has a form of hunt geared to less spectacular budgets. For \$60, a party of up to four guns gets a half-day of field shooting including use of the dogs. Birds usually are released a couple of hours before the hunt, since a minimum of ten fair shots is guaranteed. Schellinger takes out these parties himself.

Schellinger hunts show up regularly on one expense account, for, instead of taking a prize customer out golfing and losing him to the club bore on the nineteenth hole, a New York business man talks pheasant at Spring Farm in the afternoon; talks turkey afterward.

Even on the \$1,200 hunt, one man figures, both your shooting and

your pheasants cost less at Schellinger's than if you went out to the Dakotas and shipped home your birds in a barrel of ice.

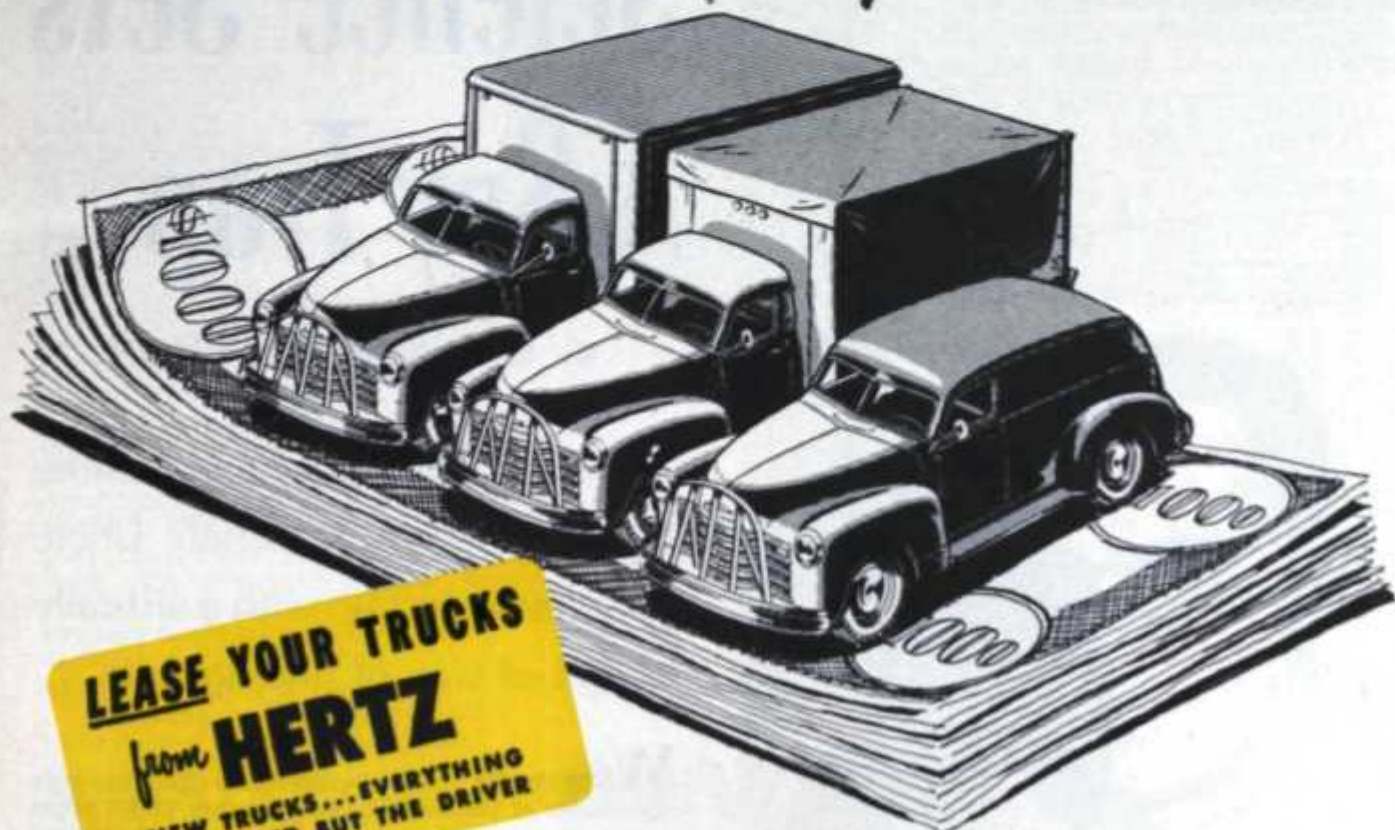
To get what he considers an ideal bird, Schellinger has crossed the plump mahogany and light blue Mongolian pheasant with the faster-flying green and gray-brown Chinese pheasant. The resulting cocks weigh three to three and one half pounds and range in coloring all the way across the spectrum of pheasantdom. The hens run about three quarters of a pound lighter and are a muted brown.

Schellinger says that caring for 10,000 *phasianus colchicus* is something like caring for barnyard fowl, though it takes more handling and much more chicken wire—miles of it.

The breeding stock consists of 500 hens and 100 gaudy cocks. They're wing-clipped and kept in pens about 40 yards square where they're supposed to nest in piles of brush. But each evening when Schellinger and his men (and sons David, nine, and Tom, 11) go out to gather the eggs, they find as many dropped in clumps of grass or out in the open as in the "nests."

The eggs, about the size of bantam chicken eggs and varying from olive-green to brown, hatch in
(Continued on page 78)

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Science Sets A Spy Trap

By WILLIAM A. ULMAN

WHO can be trusted to handle highly classified material? Uncle Sam has come up with a virtually foolproof way of finding out

WHEN the Ho Tu man bellowed his challenge over the shores of the Caspian Sea roughly 75,000 years ago, he was surcharged with the heady knowledge that, from here on in, he was top dog in any fight. He had a secret.

Scaled to today's standards, it should have been classified as a top secret—a weapon vital to security. By attaching a heavy object to a stout stick, he could clobber an aggressor from a couple of feet further away than his opponent could reach with bare hands.

Means of extending the range over which an effective combat wallop can be delivered are just as important today as they were in the Piltown ooze; and the need for secrecy is just as great.

But today's version of Ho Tu's club cannot be hidden in the corner of a dark cave until the time comes to use it. Nuclear fission, jet propulsion, guided missiles, nerve gases, the dread bacteriological warfare are complex products which presuppose the sharing of information among a large number of people.

Events have shown that some of these people were not dependable repositories for vital information. Too many have been willing to violate their trusts for money or ideology. Their defections have been well publicized.

The spy, however, is only one threat to our security efforts. The honest citizen whose patriotism is sound and whose IQ is the world's highest may be as congenitally unqualified to keep a secret as he is unqualified to play piano recitals, and Americans generally are a friendly and gregarious people. We talk to strangers, we boast a little and shortly

classified information can dribble away, a little here, a little there. With each new mind possessed of a part of a secret the odds grow mathematically that—unless something is done—somewhere there will be a leak.

Something is now being done.

Operating on the theory that science which developed the secrets could also develop means to protect them, the Government called in the best brains of the U. S. and British Intelligence Services and closeted them with the top practical and theoretical psychologists of the country's universities—Duke, Harvard, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Princeton and Southern California, to mention a few.

Materials at hand included various modifications of tests used by the German General Staff, the famous British officer selection tests, methods used by our own Office of Strategic Services during the war and afterwards by the Army to screen candidates for integration into the service.

By integrating and perfecting these, the scientists evolved a formula which is regarded as a virtually foolproof method of evaluating a person's character even when he is trying to dissemble.

Comprising as much as two or three days of exceptionally simple, easy-to-take tests, the method is identified by a \$2 word which is the answer to a whole gaggle of \$64 questions—"psychometric examinations." This designation says it is a system for the exact measurement of a man's mind (psycho) by a formula derived from a predetermined and weighted mathematical scale (metric).

Adjustable to the IQ or working level from the typist to the tough tycoon, the tests have been administered so far to some 20,000 persons. Obviously they haven't been given to everybody—not even to several who undoubtedly should have taken them—but, in the opinion of Dr. Roy Crawley, psychologist formerly with George Washington University, who has been closely associated with their development:

"People are asking, of course, 'What about the Fuchs and the Rosenbergs.' Those people were appointed long before these tests were widely adopted. Had they been tested, I believe the examinations would have developed characteristics which would have cast sufficiently serious doubts on their reliability. On the other hand a truly remarkable observation is that, with so much classified material in the hands of so many



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The questions are deceptively simple when taken individually

thousands of military and civilian personnel, leaks have been so few."

Although, says Dr. Crawley, the accuracy of the examinations may seem almost miraculous to the average man, the methods of arriving at these results seem, in practice, neither mysterious nor complicated.

The questions—and there are thousands of them in various types of examinations—are deceptively simple when taken individually. But analyze this group:

1. Were you a "nervous" child?
2. As a child, did you prefer your mother to your father?
3. Do people dislike you at once?
4. Do people talk about you behind your back?
5. Do you resent change?

These five questions will be spaced out through several hundred others, and all without apparent continuity in thought or relationship. In addition the candidate is probably answering under considerable time tension. The psychologists administering the tests know to an unbelievable degree just how fast any one group of comparable mental level can go—or should be able to go and still give quick, rhythmic answers in which attempted dissembling will be minimized.

Now, if those five questions were all together in a group the testee might see a cumulative effect developing. Widely separated, the answers would likely be more honest. No warning bell would ring.

Actually, affirmative answers to all these questions would show nothing wrong. But they would alert the examiner that you should be questioned further by a friendly psychologist to clarify this potential factor in nervous reliability—a persistent sense of insecurity. Mixed or negative answers would probably signify little and be overlooked unless they stood out sharply in relation to other groups of questions.

This segment of the test looms large, and well it might. But it seldom flunks anybody. It actually acts as a series of guide posts for the examiner who will later, in the always essential personal interview, give the candidate a chance to pass or flunk himself by further elucidation of factors these tests have emphasized.

The person who was nervous as a child or disliked his father is not necessarily unreliable or a blabbermouth; but those things are factors in a psychological profile—some of the millions of invisible dots that make up the solid body of a personality.

Perhaps, on the other hand, the tests appear to show that a person is too phlegmatic. Other similarly separated group questions may elicit a lack of sensitivity which might lead to serious danger because of sheer mesomorphic unawareness.

Still other questions are "force" questions, designed to get the subject's dander up.

"When you beat your wife, do you—

1. Kick her in the teeth?
2. Punch her in the stomach?
3. Choke her?

Answer one."

In this case the answer itself has far less importance than the reactions to it. Use of "force questions" is still being debated in certain circles, but their reactions have been interesting.

Another testing device is the subject's own autobiography. A person can unintentionally reveal quite a lot about himself in this way, especially when what he says is checked against facts already known to the examiner. A smart man won't dissemble. He's not that smart. No one is.

One test lists jobs such as minister, soldier, bricklayer, linguist and nurse, in groups of five; the same job may reappear in six, or a dozen, different groupings. In each case the candidate selects the job he would prefer—or dislike the least—in each of the 60-odd groupings. This reporter gave himself the test and felt complacently sure that he had proved he was pretty hot-stuff as a reporter. The test says I am a city manager. Poor city! Still, I've never tried it. . . .

Each of these tests gives the examiner various points of reference from which he can pursue further detailed lines of personal inquiry with the candidate in private.

A man may be asked to write a couple of hundred words about

himself as his best friends would see him; and then, again, as his worst enemy would see him—to indicate balance of judgment, insight and humor, all of which are potentially of vast importance in some future tight jam. Judgment of fellow men becomes a sink-or-swim affair when the applicant is asked to analyze, in a hundred words, or so, one of the men taking the test with him—one whom he never saw before the tests started.

Integrated with all of these evocative questions there is great opportunity for personal evaluation, aside from the psychometric totals and balances struck by the tests themselves.

Opportunity is made to observe the candidate at table and in social intercourse, theoretically relaxed. Does he dominate the conversation? Does his humor keep sweet, or turn nasty under pressure, or teasing?

Another important question comes along, usually after all of the foregoing tests are passed satisfactorily. Can the candidate hold his liquor? It is the last one probably because it costs personal, out-of-pocket funds on the part of the examiner. He wants to be sure that the money won't be wasted. Drink plays an often important part in the social affairs related to business or diplomacy and a lot may depend on what happens when a man meets the Duchess of Denver over a snug bar.

These tests are not substitutes for careful checking by the Federal Bureau of Investigation and other agencies concerned with a candidate's background, activities or loyalties. In fact, the background checks are used to confirm some of the answers the applicant may give when trying to dissimulate in the course of his examination.

Nor are the tests in their entirety likely to be given to all the millions of employes in industry and government. But, naturally, some jobs are more vulnerable to attempted penetrations—or offer more attractive targets—than others.

Such jobs, in both industry and government, will be protected first. Later variations of the examinations probably will be given on a more general scale.

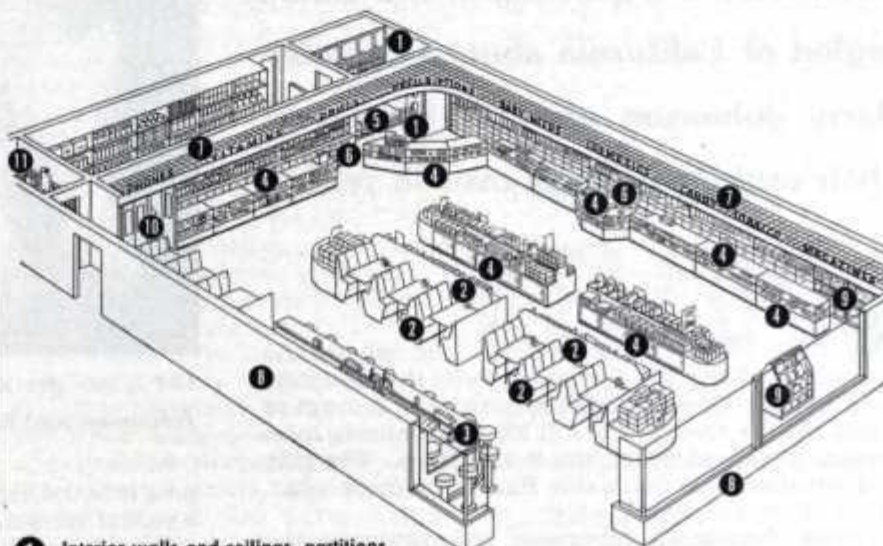
The discussion here has shown only general types of questions, nothing actual or taken from real tests. Naturally, the examinations given by either government or industry are themselves secret. Thus, if the day comes for the general testing of us all, no one needs bother to check this article before facing the examiners.

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His Prowl Car Is a Dog Sled

By ROBERT M. HYATT

LEGENDS are growing in the Tahoe region of California about Constable Harry Johanson and his Samoyeds. Their exploits go back over 18 years

RRACING UP the long moonlit rise where the crusted snow was ten feet deep, Pete, the lead dog, gave a sharp yip and the sled jumped in a burst of speed. At the crest of the hill 200 yards above, John Doolin, a wanted killer, knelt and fired. The rifle slug whistled past Constable Harry Johanson's ear. Then the figure disappeared.

"Close," muttered Johanson, not returning the fire. He wanted his man alive. A month before in San Francisco, Doolin had robbed a payroll truck and shot two policemen. Seeking sanctuary in this mile-high Tahoe, Calif., wilderness, Doolin also had shot a member of a Placer County sheriff's posse then escaped in the trackless snow wastes. Constable Johanson had taken up the chase.

Near the top of the crest, Johanson halted his seven-dog team of Siberian Samoyeds for a breather. It was getting colder and the wind was tuning up. Rested, the dogs streaked down the slope, the leader clinging to the fugitive's wavering tracks.

Half way down the mile-long slope, the wind struck suddenly. Shrieking down from the high, icy peaks, it flung the dogs and their driver backward, hurling powdered snow into their faces with the sting of shot.

Another quarter-mile and then, above the wind, a yell came back. A minute later, his lead dog lunged wildly to the left, piling up the team with the sled jammed against them.

Johanson kicked off his snow shoes, dropped to his hands and knees and inched forward cautiously. Abruptly he saw the reason for Pete's lunge. He was at the brink of a chasm. Doolin, having no warning, had pitched over.

After getting the dogs straightened out, Johanson took a coil of rope, tied one end to a stump and began lowering himself over the cliff. Thirty feet below his feet brushed hard snow. He let loose, drop-



Let a car get stuck in snow, a skier lost and Johanson and his dogs move out fast

ping into the drift to his waist. His flashlight showed a pair of snowshoes sticking out of the snow nearby.

Doolin was unconscious, his right arm broken. After hauling him to the top, Johanson set the fracture. Then he lashed him to the sled.

Back in Tahoe City, San Francisco police took charge of the prisoner.

That is just one incident in the adventure-packed life of Constable Harry Johanson, who, with his famous dog teams, has established an almost legendary record in California police annals. For 18 years he has been patrolling perhaps the toughest "beat" any cop ever had.

It is a 200-square-mile sprawl of shaggy forests, towering mountains, icy torrents. The wilderness cop believes he's the only peace officer in the land who uses sled dogs as regular equipment. He learned to handle them in the 20's, while working with the Canadian Mounted Police.

Often his dogs are the only means of transportation and communication in this bleak area, when the chugging "cats" can't push through the drifts and the Tahoe region is virtually cut off from the outside world. At these times Johanson's phone rings day and night.

A car is stuck in a drift ten miles away, a skier has failed to return to the lodge, an isolated gold mine crew needs supplies, a sick child must have medical attention.

Twenty minutes after a call for help, the dogs are snaking the sled through soft snow while Johanson breaks trail ahead on snowshoes.

Johanson was born in Sweden 49 years ago. He

was graduated from the university at Upsala as an architectural draftsman. After a two-year hitch in the Swedish Air Force, he took up cross-country foot racing and has 84 trophy cups and medals to show for his efforts.

Later he began breaking records in long-distance ski racing, a sport at which he's still hard to beat. But he will tell you that his present varied work, demanding and hazardous as it is, holds the greatest fascination for him.

Johanson is a far cry from the crotchety old "constable" motorists have come up against in the backways. This modern office overlooks azure Lake Tahoe. He gives most of the credit for his success to his dogs, trail-wise and trained in rescue work.

Johanson tells the story of an Alaskan Malamute he owned which broke away and ran "wild" for several weeks a few winters back. He was awakened one night by a scratching and whimpering at his office door. He opened it, and in popped his "lost" husky, yipping vociferously and trying to nudge his master outside. He'd run outside quickly to repeat the operation.

Johanson followed the dog to a deep gulch about two miles away, where he found a hunter, with a broken leg. A deep snow had covered him, but the dog had dug him out. Johanson packed the man back to his office, thawed him out, then set the break.

"The husky unquestionably saved that hunter's life," says Johanson. "Although he was enjoying his stolen freedom in the woods, his long training in saving lives made him come to me for help."

In all his 18 years, involving hun-

dreds of cases, Constable Johanson never has failed to "get his man." Yet running down crooks and saving lives are only part of his routine. Besides serving as constable of the vast Tahoe area, he holds the jobs of deputy sheriff, deputy tax collector, deputy coroner, civic planner, and unofficial adviser on community affairs. When trails are impassable for everyone else, he acts as volunteer mail carrier and grocery boy to remote mountain cabins. For ten years he has taught first-aid to members of the Tahoe Ski Patrol, of which he is section chief.

On Christmas Eve, the kids of Tahoe City, which ordinarily boasts only a few hundred population but has several thousand visitors during skiing season, gather in the town's main street and watch a distant hill with bright, eager eyes. Soon a team of bell-jingling dogs races over the ridge, drawing a sled piled high with packages. Riding serenely behind is Santa Claus in well-padded red suit and flowing beard. Sweeping down the hill, he and his canine "reindeer" halt amid a wildly whooping pack of children and barking of dogs.

"I get a big kick out of playing Santa," says Johanson.

Johanson lives in a mountain-lodge type house he built himself. His office occupies a back room. On the walls hang several fine guns and hunting prints; the floor is littered with boots, dog harness, snowshoes and sled parts. It's a sportsman's den rather than a cop's office.

On the walls of the living room hang several excellent water colors by Johanson.

After our interview, the constable sat down at a table, drew a piece of paper toward him and squinted out the window.

"Going to write out a report," I asked.

Johanson slowly shook his head. "There's a shindig Saturday night over at one of the lodges," he explained. "I've got to make up some posters for the kids. I was wondering if they wouldn't go for something summery and airy—you know, gals in ruffy old-fashioned gowns and sun-bonnets, or a canoe drifting in the moonlight."

I left him dipping a brush into a paintpot, a rapt expression on his tanned face.



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Middle-Class Squeeze

(Continued from page 43)

hard. He was competent and intelligent, and promotions were fairly rapid.

John did not make much money, though; not during the first years of his marriage. What sustained him, in the days when they had to pinch pennies, was the thought of how pleasant it would be when he moved into the real money class. He was a self-confident young pup. He had no doubt that he would get there. Today, perspiring over his budget, Mr. S remembers vividly how big \$1,000 a month looked to him at that time. Why—he thought—it meant a couple of first-class cars, perhaps trips abroad and many other luxuries. But in lush 1951 he owns just one automobile and hasn't been abroad since a honeymoon trip after his marriage. Yet he has never been hungry or out of work.

In 1951, reading the newspapers and an occasional economic report, John R. Statistic learns that times are better than they were 20 years ago. In 1950, for instance, he and his fellow Americans spent \$12,000,000,000 for automobiles and parts as compared with about \$3,000,000,000 in 1929. American families paid out \$19,000,000,000 for clothing and more than \$41,000,000,000 for housing, roughly twice the amounts of 1929.

That is what the statistics say. But Mr. S's checkbook says this doesn't mean him. He hasn't bought a car since just after the war.

Mr. S is the forgotten statistic. His true financial status has disappeared into the charts and diagrams and reports along with millions of other statistics. About the only definite conclusion that can be drawn about him is that he isn't as well off, in relation to a lot of people, as he once was.

Mr. Statistic may worry a lot. But it would be wrong to conclude that he is discontented all the time. He enjoys his job. He is happy with his wife and children. But he does sometimes wish that the things he wants were less expensive. Mr. S is willing to admit that some of his desires may be trivial, far less important than sound health, a harmonious home and children of whom he is proud. Yet he wants those things, none the less; partly because, until recently, he has taken them for granted all his life.

Not long ago Mr. Statistic was

getting a book at the public library and saw some bound volumes of the *New York Times* on a table. Old newspapers always had fascinated him and he thumbed through a couple of them. One was dated March, 1931, and the advertisements in its pages pointed clearly to the contrasts in prices. An Ed Wynn show, then a Broadway hit, charged only \$3.85 for its best seats. Breakfast at a chain restaurant ranged from 35 to 75 cents. "Competent cook" offered her services for \$10 a week. A round trip to Bermuda began at \$50.

Other memories came back to Mr. S as he turned the pages of the newspaper. They portrayed a kind of a dream world. An Irish linen suit could be had for \$15. The best bonded Bourbon whisky was \$4 a full quart; Scotch was \$3.29 a fifth. Neither Bourbon nor Scotch was essential, obviously. But they added a little to the gayety of existence. A man making \$12,000 a year is, or was, supposed to have some gayety.

Mr. Upper Middle Class, for so the economists seem to classify him, has understandable regrets

"An idealist is a person who helps other people to be prosperous."
—Henry Ford

over the predicament in which he finds himself; over the dreams of affluence which have failed to materialize.

Another thing that Mr. S regrets is that he no longer finds much incentive for working harder.

"What's the use?" he asks himself as he compares his current financial status with that of ten years ago when his income was much lower. He once really took home his "take-home pay." But now there are all kinds of deductions before he deposits his checks in the bank; taxes, social security, and pension payments. He will probably appreciate some of the subtractions when he gets old. They are a burden, just the same. And they make it harder to meet the life insurance premiums.

Unquestionably, the family grocery basket has shrunk. Prime ribs of beef cost 90 cents a pound where they used to cost about 40. Butter

is 80 cents compared with 45 cents; coffee 75 cents and up against 35. A head of lettuce is 20 cents. It once was a dime. On top of all this it is a lot more expensive just to keep clean. Soap powder is about 30 cents a box when it used to be 18 cents or less.

Mr. Statistic groans over taxes. But he has a private hunch that they are unavoidable. After all, we are paying for having won a war and the price is cheap, indeed, compared with defeat.

The expenditures, of which he must pay his share, do mean that Mr. Statistic will not be able to offer his children the financial security of which he dreamed when they were born. He will leave some insurance. Maybe there will be a few thousand dollars in the savings bank. The house should be free and clear by the time he dies. But Bob and Susie will be mainly on their own. It won't hurt either of them. Both children, by the way, have already saved a little toward college. Susie is a baby-sitter and gets what seems to her father the scandalous price of 60 cents an hour. Bob does odd jobs around town. Both kids, being bright, have a good chance of winning scholarships. Mr. S may reflect that their futures differ sharply from his own soft college days. But he can't believe that they are going to be hurt by the changes.

John and his wife don't realize that they have lived through a revolution in the United States. That is partly because it was a gradual revolution, without violence. Nobody paraded with banners. The upheaval was more economic than political. But it altered nearly every aspect of American life. It had clouded all manner of things, particularly for the man who earned \$12,000 or so a year. It was no longer clear that he could pursue happiness in quite so simple a fashion as when he had been in college.

Dr. Arthur F. Burns of the National Bureau of Economic Research in New York explained it all. In 1929 the highest-paid five per cent of the population received 34 per cent of the personal incomes in the country. By 1946 their share had dropped to 18 per cent. The top people, the one per cent getting the most money of all, took 19.1 per cent of all income in 1929 and only 7.7 per cent five years ago. That is why the taxes to be raised for the defense program and other government costs would have to come principally from the middle and lower income groups.

Mrs. Statistic, who is not much

interested in economics, grumbles about the taxes and other burdens. Like all wives, she worries over the financial situation. Take the budget they once had, she sometimes asks at sessions with her husband after dinner, What has happened to it? Where does the money go when the country is supposed to be more prosperous than at any time before? She waits for an answer while John lights his pipe thoughtfully.

"Inflation is one reason for the jam we're in," he answers. "I'm not saying it is too dangerous; anyway, not yet, but it's a basic reason why everything is more expensive. The dollar is worth about half what it was. I don't think, though, that is wholly why we are broke a good part of the time. It is because we maintain certain standards of living. Perhaps we are silly—keeping up with the Joneses.

"And then, and most important, we try to take care of the future. My life insurance costs me \$750 a year. The payments on this house are another \$1,800. These, combined with income taxes, are fixed charges on the family, so to speak. They have to be met before we have a penny to live on."

"But can't we economize?"

"I SUPPOSE I could wear flannel shirts to the office and save laundry bills. You could buy nothing but house dresses, which I'm told are cheap. The children could go around in blue jeans which, as a matter of fact, they do most of the time anyway. We could cut down on books, magazines and phonograph records."

"Liquor! We could save on that!" says his wife triumphantly.

John laughed. It is an ancient argument.

"You're right," he admits. "And yet I get considerable relaxation out of that cocktail in the garden before dinner, and so do you. I think we're entitled to it. We don't go to night clubs, gamble or even attend the movies very often. It's our only vice. Besides, we have to serve drinks when we entertain. Everybody we know does. I don't think it's so very wicked for us to have a drink by ourselves."

The plain truth is John and his wife get more than a small measure of satisfaction out of knowing how far they stretch the \$12,000 a year that he earns. He wishes, however, that the Great Squeeze his money undergoes would relax enough for him to get as much out of his dollar as his father did out of his, yet he suspects that will never be—not in his lifetime, at least.



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Casebook of a Spark Detective

By EMILE C. SCHURMACHER



When static electricity runs amuck folks call Robin Beach

NOT LONG ago an Ohio manufacturer of rubber products was bedeviled by a series of small but mysterious fires in his plant. As many as six or eight began to occur daily. Despite the greatest vigilance, they could not be prevented, nor could their origin be traced.

As he was about to start production on an urgent government contract, the manufacturer was all but convinced that arsonists or saboteurs were at work. One of his vice presidents, an engineer, had a different idea. He thought that in some way static electricity might be involved. So he sent to Brooklyn, N. Y., for Prof. Robin Beach.

Beach is considered the country's outstanding authority on static electricity. He heads Robin Beach Engineers Associated, an organization that specializes in hunting down and bagging static electricity for industry.

A tall and sprawling chap in his 50's, the professor arrived at the Ohio plant with a suitcase full of gauges and meters. He listened to the facts, then made a suggestion.

"It sounds as if you've got a 'hot poppa' or a 'hot momma' running around loose," he said. "Suppose we make a check."

One by one, employees were asked

to step on a small metal plate and hold an electrode in their hand while Beach took readings from an electrostatic voltmeter. Among them was a young woman who had been hired recently. When she stepped on the plate the needle of the meter took a mighty jump. She was charged with 30,000 volts of electrostatic electricity. She had a resistance of 500,000 ohms.

"There's the cause of your fires," said Beach. "Better transfer her to another department where she won't touch anything combustible."

Every year fires and explosions of undetermined origin are responsible for millions of dollars' worth of damage. Beach and his engineers have traced many of them to electrostatic ignition. Some are touched off by a hot poppa, or, as in the case of the Ohio plant, by a hot momma.

Under certain conditions almost anyone can build up an electrostatic charge of from 15,000 to 20,000 volts but some individuals can charge up to 30,000 volts. They don't go any higher than that or their hair stands on end and the electricity is discharged through the hair tips.

"The experience of discharging

long sparks from one's finger tips to a radiator, gas stove, or elevator after walking on carpets or rugs within doors during the cold, dry winter weather frequently is amusing, but the experience, if permitted under certain other conditions, may have grave consequences," Beach explains.

"Explosions have originated in this manner in hospital operating and treatment rooms from anesthetic vapors and air mixtures which have resulted in serious injuries or deaths to patients, to surgeons, and to attendants, as well as in demolition of buildings.

"Certain industrial processes in ordnance plants, for example, are so susceptible to explosion hazards from body electrification as to make necessary the exclusion from employment of individuals whose abnormally dry skin is found, by test, to cause them to retain electric charges more persistently than others."

Just how many of us are hot poppas or hot mommas Beach doesn't know and neither does anyone else. But from his experience he makes a guess that about one in 100,000 has this abnormally dry skin condition. It is one that can be corrected by diet and vita-

mins after consultation with a physician.

A hot poppa, incidentally, can be a hazard to himself, as well as to the surroundings in which he works. In one such case investigated by Beach a motorist decided to see if the battery of his car needed filling with distilled water. It was a cold dry fall day and the man walked a short distance on a dry concrete driveway, raised the hood of his car and unscrewed the caps of his battery.

There was an immediate explosion as he touched off the hydrogen gas escaping from the battery of the recently parked car. One eye was permanently blinded, the other seriously injured.

A person does not necessarily have to have the physiological condition to be a hot poppa. He can take on the hazardous properties of one from his clothes, particularly his shoes and socks, or from the floor surfaces on which he stands or walks.

"The accumulation of electric charges on a person's body is affected materially by such conditions," Beach declares. "Carpets and rugs, with their deep nap, are particularly conducive to the generation of high electrification.

"To a lesser extent than woolen floor coverings, but still seriously offending sources are linoleum or rubber floor coverings, granolithic and concrete floors, synthetic floor compounds, such as plasticized compositions, waxed surfaces, and certain types of floor paint, especially those employing a titanium-oxide base.

"Of footgear, the worst offenders are shoes possessing crepe-rubber soles, natural, reclaimed or synthetic rubber soles, rubber inner soles or leather sole construction employing liberal amounts of cement or glue compounds, or rubber overshoes or rubber boots."

Under normal conditions a person who is walking or standing at work will perspire from his feet sufficiently to have this slight moisture act as a conductor which will aid in "leaking off" the static charges he builds up. It is when his feet are very dry, or when the voltage is prevented from discharge with the ground, as by the wearing of rubber boots, that he stores up electrostatic electricity.

Beach founded his organization in 1944 after retiring as head of the department of electrical engineering of the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, a position he held for 25 years.

One day an attorney asked him about a puzzling case involving an

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explosion on the estate of a client at Summit, N. J. A 550-gallon gasoline tank had exploded while being filled. The driver of the tank truck, unhurt but frightened, had driven away with the hose end dangling flame behind the truck. Flaming trees and outbuildings marked his trail. The damage amounted to more than \$100,000.

The case was about to come to court. Beach determined to make an investigation.

He discovered that the owner of the estate had bought the tank from a supply dealer who had given the tank three coats of paint. But instead of using a lead base, a good conductor, he had used a base of titanium oxide with a binder of asphalt, both of which possess excellent insulating properties.

As a result, the metal of the tank was well insulated from the surrounding ground. Little thought had been given, however, to its grounding. Thus the metal of the tank constituted one plate of a capacitor, and the ground the other plate, while the intervening paint served as the dielectric. It was just waiting to be touched off at the slightest electrostatic spark.

The attorney was so impressed with Beach's solution that the word soon got around and he soon found himself in demand as an electrostatic sleuth. He became so busy that he formed Robin Beach Engineers Associated, an organization which since has investigated innumerable accidental electrocution, fire and explosion cases for industries and utilities throughout the country.

Among them have been electrostatic explosion and fire cases in Minneapolis, Asheville, N. C., Utica, N. Y., Manhattan and a mysterious paper mill blast in Shawinigan Falls, Canada.

The nemesis of "hot poppas" and "hot mommas," he also is concerned with another type of unwitting "static touch-off" or self menace.

"The greatest offenders in creating 'unfriendly' sparks in hazardous zones are visiting executives and employees from other departments of the plant," he explains. "These visitors are not as well trained to safety consciousness as those who regularly work in the dangerous locations, and as those who, perhaps, have seen a fellow worker injured or killed from the result of a momentary relaxation of a safety measure.

"Machine operators, for example, are always confronted with possible personal injuries from being caught in gearing rollers,

belting and rotating machines if they make sudden uncontrolled movements stimulated by surprise shocks from the high static voltage. Women operators, by relaxing safety regulations, have suffered most serious accidents by having their electrified hair drawn into gearing, belting or processing equipment."

Beach estimates that every year electrostatic ignition is responsible for more than \$4,000,000 fire and explosion damage due to conveyor and power belts alone. This is another crucial static danger point. These losses, he points out, occur throughout a wide variety of industries such as those using belts to drive machinery in locations where flammable vapor-air mixtures are a potential fire hazard.

They are also common where power and conveyor belts are used in cereal, sugar, starch and flour mills, in grain elevators and in sulphur and other dispersion processing. In operations such as these

"I know no safe depository of the ultimate powers of society but the people themselves; and if we think them not enlightened enough to exercise their control with a wholesome discretion, the remedy is not to take it from them, but to inform their discretion by education."

—Thomas Jefferson

the dusts constitute finely dispersed fuels of a highly explosive nature, requiring only a properly timed static spark and dust-air mixture to cause a catastrophe.

"Sparks of four-foot length, estimated in the order of 1,000,000 volts, have been observed occasionally from wide high-speed power belts under certain conditions," he says. "Spark discharges from belts ranging from 60,000 to 100,000 volts are more commonly encountered in industrial plants.

"The charges which are generated on the surface of the belt as it makes tight contact with the pulley face are trapped there by the high resistance of the belt as it separates from the pulley. Each electrified unit area of the belt as it leaves the pulley, because of its capacitor effect, develops a high voltage which attains its maximum value some four or five inches after its separation from the pulley. The slipping of belts has been found to have little, if any, effect in aug-

menting the electric charge generated by its normal operation."

Beach has ended many such hazards by recommending conductive belting in conjunction with conductive pulleys. When the belting is non-conductive and replacement because of the time or other factors too costly, he suggests that the belting be treated with special dressings to provide hygroscopic and otherwise conductive surfaces.

Not long ago there was a "mysterious" explosion in a New York newspaper plant. Authorities thought it was a bomb. Beach, assigned to make an investigation, discovered that a mixture of volatile solvents had been touched off by a spark of electrostatic electricity.

Beach at present is concerned with two widely prevalent and little understood static dangers. One is the drag chains which dangle from tank trucks containing cargoes of flammable liquids on the highway. Instead of being a safety measure, he believes that under certain conditions they are an actual menace.

"In transit on the highways at high speeds tank trucks may develop 15,000 to 25,000 volts or more to ground during favorable weather for electrification," he declares. "The perennial question as to the effectiveness of drag chains for discharging this electrostatic electricity has been settled experimentally to my own satisfaction as having no value."

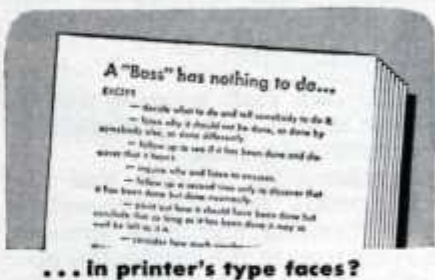
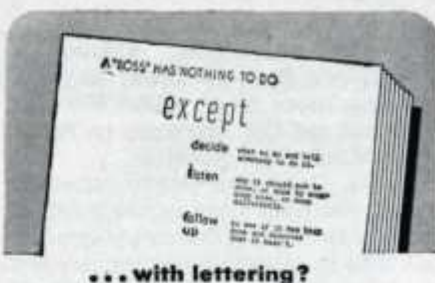
"In fact in some instances drag chains introduce additional hazards by virtue of the mechanical sparks which they create. If, perchance, the drag chain could discharge the vehicle because of a low-resistance roadway, then the truck body would readily discharge itself anyway through the tires, upon stopping, in the short period of two or three seconds."

The other involves the safety of air travel. He has concluded that many of the main hazards to air safety are the result of the generation and discharge of static electricity, a problem which has not been solved satisfactorily either in commercial or military aviation.

As a foremost authority on electrostatic ignition, Beach has solved static problems for many industries, insurance companies and underwriters. He is, however, perennially stumped by one static problem which occurs in cold weather. In all fairness it must be admitted that it is a minor one.

He still gets a shock when he touches the doorknob on entering or leaving his own office.

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But Spirit Was Undampened

(Continued from page 32)

over the week end. Armour & Company's first postflood payroll, totaling more than \$2,000,000 was paid out on the sidewalk in front of the Chamber building.

Davis, Daly and Green, abetted by all the help they could muster, found office space for every flooded out firm in the district that needed it. They strung them out through scores of buildings, squeezed them into restaurants, churches, lodge halls and retail stores. They provided the information service those firms needed, set up liaison with the Red Cross, helped line up contractors and suppliers.

Green himself, and the others, too, were in some instances delivering important messages and orders by hand through the first few days when telephone communications were out.

THEIR own staff building was in use for 30 days as the headquarters for many companies.

Complicating matters was another threat. Rats from the waterfront invaded the high ground, moving toward the residential districts. The health officers of the two cities, Dr. Hugh Dwyer and Dr. Vernon Winkle, working closely with the U. S. public health officers flown in from Washington, organized volunteers to spread a ring of rat poison around the area. Instead of becoming a tragedy, however, the forced exodus of the rats may have gone far toward their extermination.

There were wonderful stories of help flowing into the Kansas cities, and of help flowing out of them as Hays, Topeka, Manhattan, and other stricken cities found resources not only to meet their own needs but to share with others. Emporia offered its municipal trucks and earth moving equipment to Kansas City, Kans., to help in the cleanup. From Lawrence came word that the University of Kansas was setting up a scholarship fund to take care of students who had lost everything.

From everywhere came offers of portable generators, suction pumps, donkey engines, and countless other items, on down to hand shovels. Out from both Kansas Cities to the flooded towns along the Kaw River went hospital supplies, medicines, and vaccines. Though other means of transportation had failed, the boats, trucks

and airplanes rounded up by the Kansas City Star's circulation department always got through on schedule, and this unique delivery system always was available in emergencies.

As these stories of conquest poured out, the greater Kansas City spirit became a real and tangible thing. In fact, it almost backfired. Imbued by the resurging spirit, scores of factory owners and managers swarmed back to the flooded area to start the huge cleanup task, beginning with the second and third floors while the first floor and basement were still under water. Out the windows went the destroyed goods, adding to the debris below. In their enthusiasm to get going again, they recalled trucks lent to the disaster corps, and with true individual enterprise started out to save themselves. The spirit may have been all right, but the result was chaos.

Abruptly they learned that no one firm is bigger than the district in which it is located. As trucks, bulldozers and scoop shovels banged into the litter, firms who found their streets thus opened brought in their own trucks to start internal cleaning. In the meantime railroad crews laying fresh ballast blocked highways; wrecking cranes moved into the welter of cars that had floated crazily away from their trucks. With each outfit working for itself, no one was getting anywhere.

At this point Mayor William Kemp and City Manager Cookingham of Kansas City, Mo., and Mayor Clark E. Tucker of Kansas City, Kans., made a desperate move through their health departments. Pointing out that the dead cattle and hogs still in the uncleared sec-

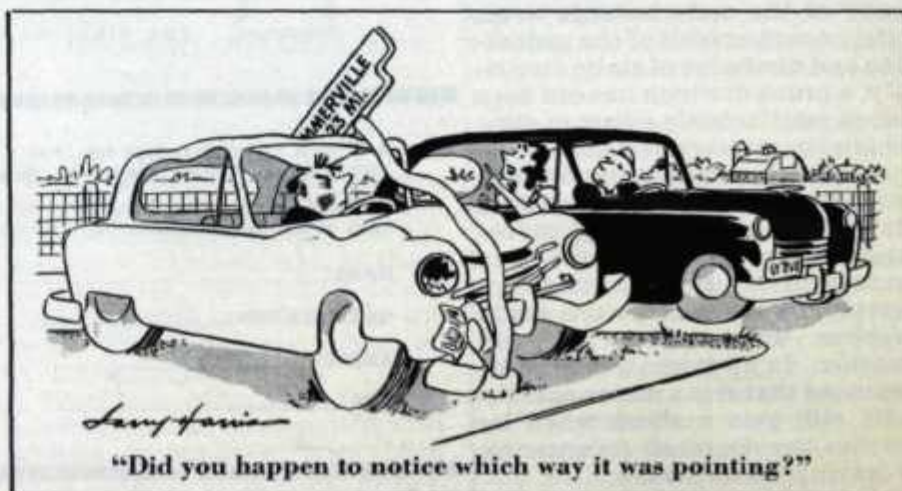
tions constituted a menace to public health, they barred the industrial district to private enterprise. The howls of protest were deafening.

"I can still hear them," said Cookingham wryly. The quarantine lasted only a few hours, but it was enough to restore order.

During this crisis, a bit of cooperation went almost unnoticed. Trucking firms kept right on supplying the cities with fresh produce, canned goods, and groceries. No one thought to ask where the stuff was coming from. But here again the chambers were responsible. Though scores of trucking firms had their warehouses and loading platforms in the flooded districts, the chambers found new berths uptown, often at the warehouses of their fiercest competitors. Chamber transportation committees found truck routes over safe bridges and around flooded districts, and though often 100 miles had to be covered to go 20, the produce arrived in time.

NOW some strange things began to develop, calling for more intense cooperation. Blueprints, for instance. Before electricians, telephone men, and plumbers could locate power lines and pipes buried under plaster walls, they had to have blueprints. Before engineers could check foundations, they had to have blueprints. And the blueprints, soaked with oil and covered with mud, were unreadable. So a local swimming pool was turned into a blueprint washing machine.

Then there was the matter of bills. Hundreds of firms, caught short of ready cash, wanted to collect on bills payable, but their own invoice forms were ruined. Local printers up on the hill worked day and night getting out new invoice forms and stationery. And there was the matter of scales. All of a sudden it seemed that everything,



from the weighing in of a carload of grain to the mailing of a heavy envelope, revolved around the accuracy of a scale. The Toledo Scale Company flew in its experts, and with complete impartiality soon restored the accuracy of all makes.

When word of the disaster reached Stamford, Conn., Pitney-Bowes, Inc., manufacturers of postage meter mailing equipment, moved to assist stricken business. Harry Nordberg, a native of Kansas City and vice president for sales and service, knew his home town well enough to visualize the scope of the flood. He knew that many users of his firm's equipment would be hit.

With that in mind, he telephoned his firm's branch office and dictated a newspaper advertisement offering users, free of charge or obligation, the loan of available equipment for use during the emergency. The extra equipment along with trained service personnel were sent to the Kansas City offices of the company.

Numerous users promptly took advantage of the offer in the move to get their businesses back to normal.

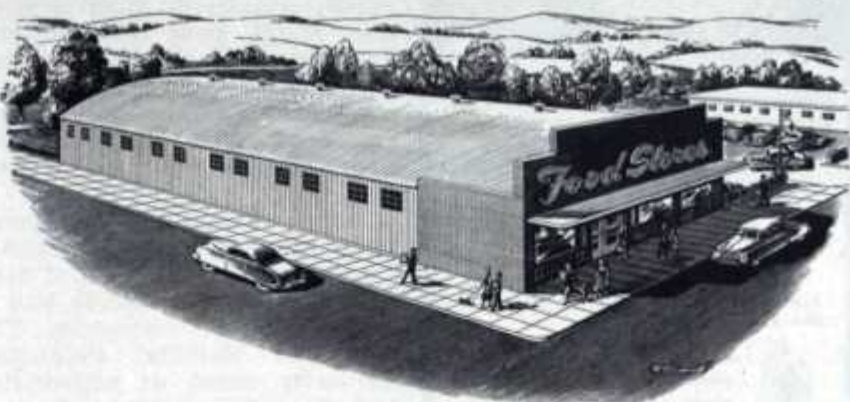
The Kansas City Telephone Company announced at the height of the flood that it would have its phone service back in order before anyone was there to use the phones. The boast was made good.

In the matter of electric power, prodigies of restoration were accomplished. Typical was the job done by George Fiske, veteran district manager for General Electric. With everyone else he stood on old Quality Hill, watching the waters sweep over the central industrial district below. But where the others saw only the debris-laden water, he saw electric motors under the water; all kinds, from the giants that powered the great freight elevators to the tiny ones in the electric typewriters. Drying them out would be a Herculean task. Rewinding those choked with mud would be an even bigger job, and as for the hundreds of transformers. . . .

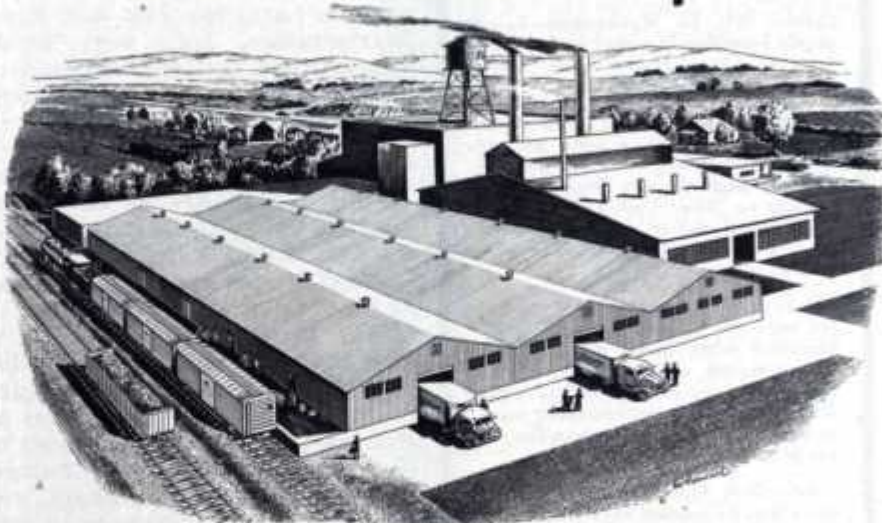
His mustache bristling and his round, jovial face grim, Fiske raced back into town. In a quiet residential section he found a vacant loft, ordered some walls knocked out, had batteries of drying ovens and heat lamps brought in. G.E. experts flew to Kansas City, and within a week a flow of wet, muddy motors started through the front of the building, to come out dry and clean through a hole knocked in the rear wall.

In the meantime Fiske was keep-

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October 1st. This day do I find my incoming mail lacking in happiness. Statements abound to remind me of the many to whom I became indebted the past month.



October 4th. To me comes a photograph in the revealing style known as "cheese-cake" of a beauteous film player. Though noticeably seated on one of my Royal chairs, even I failed to discern this until much later.

October 5th. To Washington being much bewildered anent many matters of import. Home again, home again, more bewildered.



October 10th. Friend Howard Lindsay pens me an invitation to attend his new proscenium product now playing in New York, adding that he himself takes a role therein. Shall enjoy assessing which excels, play or player.

October 22nd. Unveiling day for my new hospital room furniture after more than twelvemonth experiment. Because looking at it makes even illness a joy, many orders have come to me, for which my shoppes are not yet prepared.

October 26th. George Stoddard mentions that he missed several of these diaries. Much flattered am I and for his information—and aught likewise interested, this column appears in each month's first issue only. More frequently would be too great a strain on both mind and purse,—and on those who deign to read it.



October 27th. Aghast are some competitors that I use my humble writings to extol them and their wares. Stan Harris, goode salesman of mine axioms on the subject, "He who casts bread upon the water, often receives sandwiches in return."

October 31st. Halloween. My Gate removed. In my ire forgot I that I did worse.

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ing the telephone and telegraph companies busy. He wanted all the motors and transformers that G.E. had made in the past several weeks, no matter to whom or where they might have been shipped. Customers eagerly awaiting such equipment heard Fiske's voice on the phone, citing the cities' desperate need, and gladly ordered their consignments rerouted to the flood area.

Almost the same thing happened when American Bridge Company found itself with all kinds of damaged bridges on its hands, and no steel to meet the emergency. This time the National Production Authority acted as coordinator, and offers of steel came in from all over the country.

The spirit even moved in on a labor dispute. The CIO Steelworkers Local No. 2351 and Koch Refrigerators, Inc., were deadlocked over a matter of retroactive pay growing out of the settlement of a former dispute. An inspired solution made both parties happy. The entire sum under dispute was voted unanimously by both firm and local to go to flood relief, and work was resumed in full harmony.

Flood stories are countless, and as good as any is the favorite of Mayor Tucker, representing as it does both the desperate need for help, and the extreme desire to give it. It was in the low sections of Kansas City, Kans., that most of the damage to private homes, mostly of industrial workers, was done. The residents were in bad shape. Help was being rushed to them in such volume that at times it threatened to become one mountainous traffic jam of good will.

Mayor Tucker's office was a bedlam. By actual count later, 112 welfare groups and eight government agencies were helping in the rescue efforts, and all seemed routed through his office.

After one heavy conference, he stepped out to find the hall full of tall, bearded Mennonites.

"We are," a spokesman informed him, "flood relief workers. We go to flood areas, even to Canada, to help the victims. Where do we start?"

"If you'll just wait," suggested Mayor Tucker, "we'll find a place for you to work later. Right now we've got to set up the Red Cross and the Salvation Army, and—"

"We can't wait," said the leader adamantly. "People need help right now."

"Just a moment," said Mayor Tucker. In desperation he turned back to his office, but he was not to get there. A little man who had

somehow eluded the doormen clutched his arm. "Mayor, you've got to help. My family—everybody in our block—the kid is sick—"

The mayor didn't have a chance to say a word. With glad cries the Mennonites fell on the little man and carried him off. "Never mind about us," the leader told the mayor. "We've found our place to start work."

Then abruptly order came out of chaos. Trailer homes loaned by the Government speeded into the city to replace the tents. The bounty of a generous nation poured in on the stricken through the channels of the Red Cross and other great agencies. Government agencies voted millions of dollars—the appropriations continue to mount—to refinance the hard-hit or ruined businessmen. Plans appeared for a model home and apartment project to replace the old and often undesirable houses swept away.

Armour and Company, hit by 20 feet of water, was back in production in 18 days. Grain elevators whose wet contents had swollen, often bursting the concrete walls of the towering cylinders, had their grain buyers out even before the ruined grain had been dumped. Within three weeks, scores of industries were back in action, working their upper floors with construction elevators rigged outside the windows. Enough of the 16,450,000 tons of silt had been cleared to make all streets and railroad tracks passable.

BUT suddenly there came a lull. Some firms whose buildings had been condemned as unsafe, had carried on the cleanup task in a fever to get back into business. But once cleaned up, the extent of the damage became visible, and to some the job of reconstruction was overwhelming. Word came that the John Morrell Packing Company in Topeka was closing that branch. The Cudahy Packing Company in Kansas City made a similar announcement. There was danger that the gallant Kansas City spirit might go down before a wave of reaction.

Again the chambers of commerce went into action. Down into the heat and stench and mud with the rest of the workers went teams of executives. Bank presidents, insurance company presidents, brokerage firm presidents, topflight engineers and contractors, mayors and city executives, all drawn from the rolls of the chambers, made up the teams, usually four or five to a group.

In the course of an afternoon

one group called on the executives of 12 firms, taking up where the morning teams had left off. At each firm they asked, "What can we do to help?" "What can the city do?" "What can the state and nation do?" The answers were quick, constructive, and to the point.

A warehouseman had stored thousands of cases of empty bottles on floors that could safely carry their weight. Now the bottles were full of mud and water, and the floors were starting to sag. "The owner has no place to put them," he said. "And if I leave them here my building falls down. What can I do?" A candy maker pointed to hundreds of empty sacks in his warehouse. "Those were filled with tons of sugar," he explained. "All of it dissolved when the water came in. How can I refinance, and where can I get more sugar?"

THESE and countless other developments were brought to light.

Assured that the chambers were behind them, the discouraged perked up, and the others plunged back into the fight with renewed confidence. Huge red hearts bearing the legend, "In business again. The Kansas City spirit got the job done," were left with all firms that were back in action.

Back in the chambers' offices committees went to work on problems brought in by field groups. As the teams continued their work, not to quit until all 400 affected firms had been visited, morale boomed.

Gone, though, was greater Kansas City's idea of itself as a Midwestern metropolis, proud, isolated and independent. In the heart of America itself, it has learned that America has a big heart. After the aid that had poured in from throughout the country, it was resolved to show it could be the heart of America in more than geography alone.

All along the river, Manhattan, Topeka, Lawrence, the Kansas Cities and the other devastated communities were "back in business." Inman, Fiser, Green and Catts had shown that by-laws mean what they say. Their chambers had promoted "the welfare of this city, state and nation." Their members had achieved something worthy to be remembered.

Late in August the weary but victorious businessmen began to receive another sort of telegram. "Your canceled vacation reservations renewable anytime. When can we expect you?" With great relief the answers went back: "Coming." The crisis was over.

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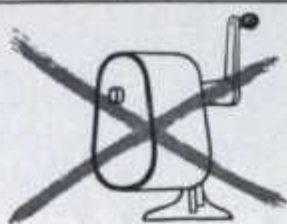


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(Continued from page 29)

Nothing like this has happened in Libya for more than 2,000 years. In downtown Tripoli you can see the ruins of empires which did their real estate business in much more forthright ways. The Romans were here, then the Arabs, the Turks, then the Italians, then the Germans.

The British came in when they ousted Rommel. Whenever did a mighty military power sit down and dicker with the helpless natives?

But we are doing it. The dickering in Libya is tedious stuff, since it's person-to-person rather than government-to-government. Libya, now a United Nations ward under British trusteeship, won't become sovereign till the end of the year. The only codified law is the one which Mussolini left behind. Some of the land claims hang on titles that go back beyond Moses, and some in the nomad provinces are no more substantial than squatters' rights. It's far easier to make a deal for landing fields in an economic dictatorship like the Azores, or a protectorate like French Morocco, or a shrewd little republic like Iceland. But whether it comes easy or comes hard, the point is that the American colossus unbends and pulls up a chair at the bargaining table.

Not all of the bargaining is done on the top-echelon level by any means. American base commanders have broad discretionary powers, and often delegate these to their staff officers. Lieut. Col. Phillip John, Easley's officer in charge of civilian affairs, happens to be of Syrian parentage and familiar with Arab dialects and customs. Living in Tripoli and working at the base, he is virtually a one-man diplomatic corps for his commanding officer.

"Nothing out here is more important than good relations," he told me. "If we succeed, it's because we work hard at it, all day and every day. Part of our job is to take into account the existing facts—racial prejudice, religious customs of diet and ceremony, the everlasting struggles of poverty and pride. Our sentries at the gate have standing orders to admit anybody who seems to have legitimate business on the base. When I leave my villa in the morning, the steps are covered with people who've slept there in the hope of seeing me about a job or an idea."

The best proof of the low-echelon contact method here lies in some statistics. A year ago the labor turnover at Wheelus Field was more than 30 per cent a month. It was 1.7 per cent, according to the U. S. Consulate at Tripoli when I checked there. The race hatreds in Libya, in fact throughout all North Africa, are ancient and violent, but at Wheelus Field the warring races work side by side. The last military employment roll showed 368 Arabs, 341 Europeans (mostly the once-despised Italians) and 37 Jews. Are they policed by imperialistic Aryans? No; as full members of the 1603 Air Police Squadron are 160 Libyans who do exactly the same work as the American members, mostly sentry duty at the gates and aircraft.

Any feeling against the U. S. militarists? Well, about 400 American wives, and fully twice that many children, live in villas and apartments in town while the head of the family spends his duty hours on the base or in the air.

Global strategy, oddly enough, often seems better understood out in the hinterlands than at home. While I was on this journey a well meaning U. S. broadcaster cut loose with a plea for the Mutual Defense Assistance Pact on the argument that Americans always fight a war in somebody's else's back yard. The argument was eagerly parroted by Communists and other anti-American agitators, but luckily had little effect.

The lands which afford us overseas bases are all closer than we are to the Russian guns, but the peoples seem to possess an innate knowledge—or faith—that the American presence is more likely to stand off an invader than to tempt him.

However such judgments are reached, they make sound air-age thinking. The North African bases describe a strong secondary defense—not a battlefield—behind probable scrimmage lines in Europe, the Near East and the Middle East. Russia, as everybody knows, can almost surely overrun West Europe until such a time as General Eisenhower gets NATO into fighting order. This will take at least 18 months by off-record Pentagon calculations. But Stalin in West Europe would be just as boxed-in as Hitler was—if American bombers can fly out of French Morocco and Libya.

"They can fly out of there now," I was told by Maj. Gen. Archie Old, Jr., who commands the Fifth Air Division, with headquarters at

Rabat, capital city of French Morocco.

It's just as well for Stalin to know this in advance. He's had experience with the great armadas of fighters and bombers which can be assembled over a complex of air division bases. Formations of B-17's, with fighter support, used to shuttle-raid out of Britain and Italy to eastern Germany, landing in Russia before the return trips. From Africa the new long-range bombers can make a round trip to Russia without landing, and big bases along the Mediterranean also backstop the Sixth Fleet which is on patrol between Gibraltar and Suez.

At least five bases, probably more, are planned for Morocco. Two of these, according to Old, are already "operative." The plane which took me to Morocco from the Azores was loaded with a half a hundred jovial roughnecks, the tough and brawny operators of bulldozers, tractors, cement mixers and the like. Later I saw some of these musclemen, and their work, in the Moroccan wastelands behind Casablanca. At a place called Sidi Slimane, in 120 degree heat, they had ripped up the landscape and laid 11,000 foot runways in less than 64 days. At Nouaceur they did a similar job in 82 days.

Probably, as this piece is being read, combat crews of the Strategic Air Command are flying practice missions out of Africa over the European battlefields of World War II. There is no sterner deterrent for an aggressor who's trying on the boots of Hitler.

The readied fist of American airpower serves the same mission in Libya, within striking distance of the Balkans and the oil-baited Middle East. Wheelus Field is a peaceful-looking transport base, and that's its genuine purpose. But the new runways can readily launch B-29's, B-50's and B-45's; and, as Easley said:

"It's the potential that counts. When the other team starts running with the ball, their coach has to figure two things—what we've got on the playing field and what we've got on the bench. Every transport base is part of our reserve strength."

Almost as he spoke, there was a pounding in the sky and a group of F-84 Thunder-jets began their landings, just two hours and 20 minutes away from the home base in Germany. The speed and endurance of modern aircraft have not lessened the need for far-flung bases, but only made the bases more valuable to us. This is a phase



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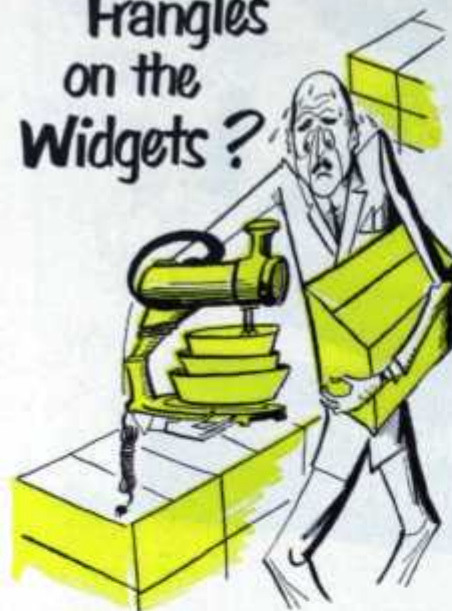
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of air defense which is most often misunderstood.

Practically every new plane these days can fly the Atlantic without refueling, but the payoff is always the payload, whether it's bombs or cargo. For example a C-54, workhorse of the MATS fleet, can carry about 1,000 pounds non-stop from New York to Paris. With a mid-ocean stopover the capacity becomes 9,000 pounds, a differential which holds for combat craft. When you add factors of crew rest and navigational aids, plus air rescue, air communications and weather intelligence, halfway bases stand high on the must list of any nation which needs freedom of the skies, come peace or war.

On geographical location alone it would be hard to name a more valuable crisscross of concrete than Keflavik Airport, Iceland, which is 450 miles nearer Moscow than New York. It is the turnaround place for the vital top 'o the world weather planes which come over from Eielson Base, Alaska. It stands athwart the northern approaches to the Western Hemisphere, just as the Azorean Archipelago straddles the southern routes. I was in Keflavik when elements of an air reserve unit, the 443 Troop Carrier Command, came through enroute to join the Eisenhower forces in Europe. The crews of the giant C-119's were reinforced by MATS navigators, long familiar with the Iceland-to-Europe hop. Rescue planes, doubling as "homing" beacons, flew all day and night out of Keflavik to patrol the big water-jumps. In military mobility alone, these mid-ocean bases are worth whatever they cost.

Yet the Roman march of our aerial expansion never loses its nature of Pax Americana. We hold the umbrella of air protection over all these lands, but we offer and deliver a good deal more than that. Under our peculiar kind of partnership, it's fair exchange, no robbery, all along the frontier.

Take the Azores. Prime Minister Salazar is specific about what he wants for his people. He wants to lift the Azoreans, who are off-shore citizens of Portugal, out of the ox-cart age—where they still are—into the age of air travel.

So in return for the use of Lages Field, we are conducting a job-training program that will soon make us anything but indispensable. Less than two years ago we undertook to teach the Portuguese how to run the air weather station at Lages.

Today the same station is being run by 68 Portuguese technicians and only 17 Americans. We showed the Portuguese how to operate an air rescue station. Today six B-17's are in operation—four theirs; two ours.

We have two technicians in our photo lab—both are Portuguese. The control tower is run by Portuguese—with our assistance.

Among the 1,400 Portuguese whom we employ are teletypists, aircraft mechanics and machinists, engineering draftsmen, propeller and hydraulics experts, police investigators and virtually everything else except code-breakers. It's only a matter of time when the natives can run the whole show, and that's all right with us. Trained manpower is a critical shortage in western defense. I asked Capt. D. L. De Vore,



civilian personnel officer, if he'd seen any signs of rising prosperity during his two-year stay on the island.

"Plenty," he said. "The people here are converting from dirt floors to wood and their animals are fatter. But the two surest signs of good times are easy to spot—bicycles and shoes."

Or take Libya. Wheelus Field, as an employment center and market for food and building materials, has become the region's second largest industry, coming close behind olive oil export. But more than anything else this burning nation needs friendship and "face."

Last June 1, MATS held a birthday party at Wheelus Field. The gates were opened and 12,000 unwashed Arabs swarmed into the area. They climbed in and out of the planes. They walked all over this white man's heaven. An officer who was there said he'd never seen such an expression of emotional pride as he did on the face of the Libyan Premier-designate, Mahmud Bey Muntasser. The Arabs, of high or low degree, never had it so democratically until the Yanks came along. We can take some pride here, too. The Moslem world never before saw a Christian people who practiced such easy brotherhood, though it was often preached.

It won't do, of course, to report that all is perfection in our behavior and works. I ran across several criminal cases in my 15 day trip, but only one—an alleged rape—involved relations with our host-peoples. If the crime rate of our troops is low, as I believe despite the lack of reliable figures, one factor is worth noting. It's the Air Force uniform. A security officer in Morocco told me:

"All of us who remember World War II feel that the American servicemen have plenty to live down. Well, pride in the new uniform helps a lot. We know we're going to be blamed for our own mistakes—but not the mistakes of others."

Blackmarkets and inflation, which ordinarily follow the Yankee dollar, are well under control. Use of military script makes it difficult to juggle dollars against local currency. All of our employment of native labor is geared to a standard-of-living wage scale that is set by the home governments. Only in Morocco is there an overt resentment which involves money. Rush work on the bomber bases brought in the American constructors who earn \$2 to \$3 an hour in

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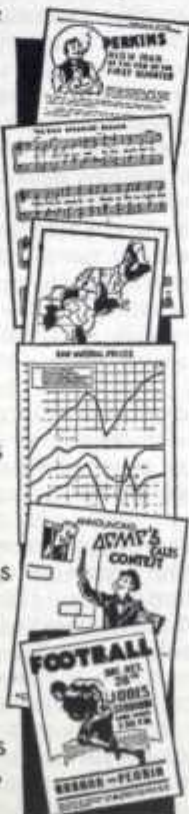
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a country of dime-an-hour labor. It was an emergency move, but the French and the Moroccans didn't like it.

Even so, the over-all American performance has earned just what our policy calls for—Kuter's injunction that we "stay welcome." This has been possible, I judge, by giving the home-peoples what their governments want for them, not what we think they should have. The old-style missionary approach is felicitously absent. The Defense Department conspicuously isn't trying to convert "backward peoples" to "our way of life."

Indeed, a new sophistication—a tolerance for the status quo—runs through the military diplomacy of the frontier. It operates, for example, in Morocco where the French are desperately afraid that our presence will feed the Arab aspirations for nationalism—and the Arabs are afraid that it won't. It's asking a good deal of American servicemen not to have some opinions about the semicolonialism here; about the poverty, inequality and injustice that lie all about. But the airmen and sailors in these parts have been briefed to the teeth about staying off these controversial subjects—and that's what they do. I talked to a Negro yeoman at Port Lyautey where we keep an air facility station for the Sixth Fleet. He said:

"There's a lot here that ain't right, but it's none of our business to go into that. If we don't stick together, the Commies move in—and then we'll all have it worse than before."

Iceland, the place where the local government asks the least of us, is also the place where we're the least welcome. Special conditions are involved here. The Icelanders are highly educated, in no need of technical training, have virtually no unemployment in their tight population of 140,000 and little to sell except fish. They had a democratic republic of their own as long ago as 930 A.D.; but for 1,000 years thereafter they were under the Norwegians and Danes. In the hope of staying out of world politics, the Icelanders wrote a constitution in 1914 which forbids them to support armed forces or even to bear arms. They are inveterate

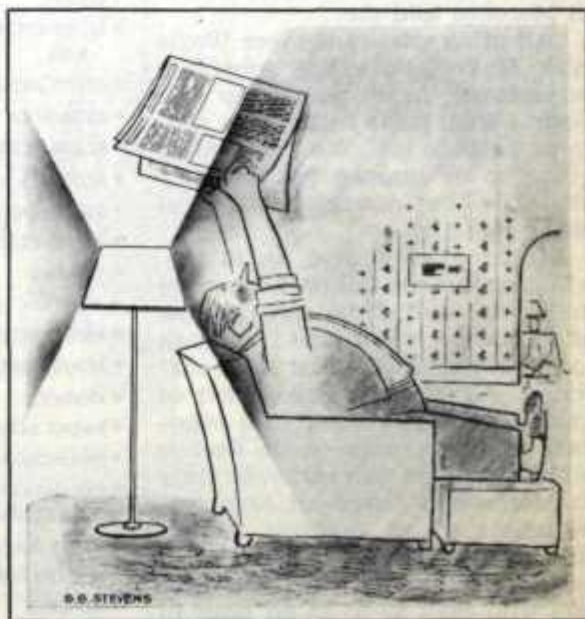
travelers, and they encourage tourists, but they have an in-born distaste for military visitors. This isn't personal, but it includes us.

Yet these elements of unwelcome are breeding an odd but genuine kinship between the Icelanders and our forces. America, also, tried to divorce itself from the world through isolationism and pacifism. We, like the Icelanders, learned that it couldn't be done. In 1949 they joined NATO, boldly choosing sides against aggression, and invited us to move in. This we've been doing since last May to the tune of violent outcries from the Icelandic Communist Party which holds about 20 per cent of the votes in the national assembly.

But if anything were needed to foment good relations with the Icelandic people at large, this was it. What a stroke of cheerful irony! For centuries our two countries have lived, like stand-offish neighbors, exchanging little more than distant nods. We were there by chilly agreement during World War II, but were not urged to stay when we pulled out. It has taken the Red threat of Communism to show us a common interest. For the first time in ten centuries, there is a definite sentiment, expressed within the three non-Communist parties for a home defense force. An Icelandic editor explained.

"The figure we're mentioning is only 12,000 men. We know they won't stop an invasion, but it might help. After all, participation's the thing."

Perhaps that word—participation—holds the full story of our modern empire-building. Not by ourselves or wholly for ourselves, but with the work and through the benefit of others, can we win out.





Costumes and props such as this scimitar are shipped out daily

The Show Goes by Mail

OF THE 150,000,000 Americans tabulated in the recent census, how many have not, or will not at some future date, tread their little hour on the amateur stage? These torchbearers may have much or little talent; they may venture on as Hamlet or in the more modest role of a blackface minstrel, but one thing is certain—they all will need a costume.

Providing this accessory is usually the concern of the theatrical mail order houses. A number of them are scattered throughout the country. The location makes little difference, for 90 per cent of the orders are handled by mail and only ten per cent by direct dealings.

Hooker-Howe, one of the largest, is located in Bradford, Mass., 32 miles north of Boston, in a modest three-story brick building erected in 1887. The business was started in 1905 by Carl Edward Hooker, a young Vermonter who, for \$75, acquired a trunkful of stage costumes from a financially distressed theatrical manager. Hooker, then employed in business in St. Johnsbury, began to rent out the 40-odd costumes on the side.

Soon he decided to transfer his main interest to this side line, and after looking over several possible sites, bought out a small costume business in Haverhill, Mass. He later purchased the brick building in Bradford, just across the Merrimack River, and expanded so rapidly that the business now earns more than \$100,000 in peak years.

The old-fashioned, over-crowded quarters of Hooker-Howe present a scene of orderly confusion, with bulging boxes and cases, tables overflowing with costumes and "props," and about 30 harried but

interested employees, most of whom have been with the firm from ten to 45 years. More than 200 costumes are shipped out every day. Orders were first limited to New England but have since been filled from practically all the states and also from foreign countries.

The firm has a supply of about 50,000 costumes, most of them made on the premises, even the military costumes and the westerns, complete with belts and holsters. Distinction must be made between individual costumes and sets, as in musicals, requiring duplication in different sizes. Here there is always the problem of unusual sizes.

A principal singer in Atlanta weighed 300 pounds, while a female lead in Des Moines weighed only 96. And, there is always an element of humor when a call comes for an Iolanthe fairy costume for a woman weighing 185 pounds! Naturally the greatest demand is for period costumes—crinolines, colonials, gay 'nineties—all of which may be rented at modest rates depending on the number of performances.

The firm's patrons include schools and colleges, churches, community groups, little theaters, fraternal lodges, and business concerns.

A study of the plays for which costumes are ordered shows there are more calls for musicals than for straight drama, and that the old-fashioned minstrel is far from dead.

The great favorites are Victor Herbert and Gilbert and Sullivan. America, in other words, is in no danger of going arty.

—EDMOND M. GAGEY

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Nobody Loves the Collector

(Continued from page 35)

clerical jobs, most come directly from college; young men who have specialized in accounting and law. The Bureau trains its neophytes intensely for eight weeks in the intricacies of tax law. When they are ready to go out to 38 field offices, they have been lectured in the essentials of a good revenue agent: to be pleasantly impersonal, but friendly; to recognize the human fallibility of underestimating income and overestimating expenses; to discover the telltale marks that reveal an erratic tax return; and to maintain a judicious balance in finding the correct tax, whether the error favors the taxpayer or the Government.

In their daily routine, they soon become acquainted with the foibles of the taxpayer—the grocer who feeds his family on steak and broccoli and charges it off against income; the tailor who lives in an apartment over his shop and deducts the rent for the entire building; the small businessman who pays for airline tickets by check, turns them in for cash and charges the tickets as business expense; the doctor who treats his patients for cash and is woefully vague about bookkeeping.

On this side of fraud, where most errors occur, agents have been criticized for being more eager to bring in added revenue than to refund taxpayers who have somehow paid too much. Undoubtedly, an agent is more apt to brag about his discovery of \$100,000 in missing taxes than for remitting \$75 to an overwilling taxpayer. Probably the tendency to get the money is encouraged by Commissioners who boast to Congress about how much is collected for each enforcement dollar spent. While the Bureau must guard against this tendency, it can also point out that nine out of ten returns in error still favor the taxpayer, that the Government far more than the private citizen is short-changed in the annual battle of the income tax.

The rookie agents are broken in carefully, according to Agents Y and Z, who were interviewed under a pledge of anonymity. Both young men had graduated from the Bureau's special courses. They had followed this academic training with several months of field work, accompanying veteran agents on their rounds, and they had just begun to handle their own cases.

"The first thing I learned on my own," said Agent Y, "is how important it is to put the taxpayer at ease. A nervous taxpayer is hard to deal with, and most are a little jumpy if they haven't dealt with the Bureau before. You've got to learn to approach them quietly and with confidence."

"I was sort of scared myself when I started," said Agent Z. "I hated to make those first telephone calls to meet the taxpayers, but finally I got used to it. In the classroom, they told us we could be sympathetic, we could provide the towel to dry their tears, but we still had to find the right tax. Just the same, it bothers you. Most of the smaller taxpayers look up and demand, 'Say, what's wrong with my return?' And then their minds start whirling."

The field agent begins his work when the agent-in-charge hands him a stack of returns to be examined. Most of them have been extracted carefully from the flood of returns that passes over a classifier's desk.

While only a foothill of the mountain of returns is ever really examined, the classifiers have developed an intuition for errors and can pluck them like raisins from a coffee cake.

Three general items quickly raise their hackles: a strange ratio of gross profit to gross income; a startling size and type of deductions listed; and any unusual exemptions claimed.

With his folder of returns, the agent begins mapping out his campaign. "When you go to meet most business people, you seldom see the taxpayer except when he introduces you to his accountant," said Agent Y.

"The accountants are usually easy to work with. You have a bit more trouble on the pick-and-shovel cases—small firms like the corner drugstore or local laundry where nobody spends much time on bookkeeping."

"The secret of our job," said Agent Z, "is to know when to dig and when to leave it alone. Actually, you can find error in almost any return if you look closely enough. For instance, a salesman may claim a deduction for two-thirds the cost of his automobile, maintaining that his wife uses it only one third of the time. You might find she uses it a little more than that and the salesman ought

to charge off only five eighths of the cost.

"But, of course, you don't want to split hairs like that. You want to find the reasonable tax, get the taxpayer to pay what he owes and part on a friendly basis. You don't want your case to go to court if you can help it."

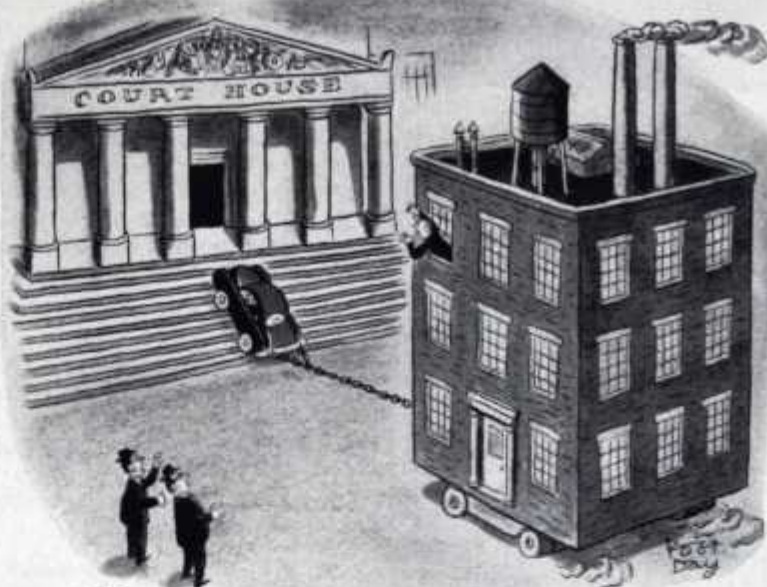
One reason for this reluctance to get involved in litigation is the series of defeats the Bureau has suffered in court. A Washington tax attorney, studying Internal Revenue's court record over the past few years, discovered that the Commissioner scored a total victory in only 40 per cent of the cases brought before the judiciary. Like the taxpayer, the Commissioner also battles to approach as closely as possible the fine line of the law. Like the taxpayer, he also oversteps it at times and his percentage of error is high.

Many cases settled out of court are hair-splitting affairs, comprised by taxpayers who don't want further difficulty. But sometimes, the hair-splitting reaches staggering heights. Agents occasionally are called to determine whether a yacht or even a private airplane are "ordinary and necessary business expenses in the production of income."

A top industrialist might claim his yacht, or a large portion thereof, as a proper and deductible business expense. After all, he reasons, the yacht is useful in taking his customers on fishing trips and winning their favor. His private airplane might also seem a legitimate deduction—he uses it to take these clients to his hunting lodge in Canada. On such occasions, the agent's determination of an "ordinary and necessary business expense" may reach into his hidden psyche.

With the task of bringing in as much revenue with as much justice as possible, the Bureau is never eager for the hoots and catcalls from the gallery. It must concentrate much of its energy against the actually fraudulent members of society, even if it is not always good economy of its agents' time. The Bureau, for example, required the services of dozens of top-drawer investigators over three years to bring an income tax evasion case against Al Capone. The tricky and tax-conscious racketeers revealed by the Kefauver crime hearings are no less difficult to snare.

The Bureau recognizes that these malefactors must be brought to justice to reassure honest citizens, even if the revenue produced



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isn't worth the time and energy to get it.

That problem and many others will face Internal Revenue in the coming years as it administers a difficult law in the face of rising taxes. Tax attorneys, who know the Bureau best from doing daily battle with its decisions, declare that the agency's record has been good, but not beyond improvement. They have several major criticisms to make:

1. The Commissioner, they say, tends to bring the problems of tax law before the federal courts, instead of applying to Congress for clarification, revision and the tightening of loopholes. This results in the courts taking on a legislative function that properly belongs to Congress.

2. When the courts make decisions in a specific tax case, the Bureau often declines to apply that decision in other similar cases. The Commissioner, say the attorneys, tends to fight each case for the maximum revenue. The effect on the revenue code of this practice is to confound confusion. As one tax attorney puts it, "The first time you look at almost any long provision of the code, it's downright sickening."

3. The Bureau must recognize the temptations of its offices and remain vigilant against misconduct. Its investigative staff should be increased if necessary. Its politically appointed collectors should be appointed if possible above and beyond the call of politics.

4. The Bureau of Internal Revenue should stand up to the Budget Bureau and demand the funds it needs to do its job. (This complaint is registered by the American Bar Association.)

The Bureau, say the attorneys, needs more money to do the job, more agents to carry out its investigations, more courage in battling for the assistance it needs.

The Bureau, at the same time, could be more efficient by stepping up the use of automatic computing devices and accounting machinery. But it must cease being a cautious, hesitant member of the federal community and stand up for what it is—a vital agency that needs better performance than ever.

As the head of a major Washington accounting firm explained the need: "When you're hunting for economies to get your business in the black, the one place where you never economize is accounts receivable."

\$1,200 Gets the Bird

(Continued from page 52)

incubators after 24 days. The chicks stay in heated brooder houses for four weeks, while developing from little striped fluffballs into recognizable young pheasants.

The fifth and sixth weeks they run outdoors during the day but are driven back to the warmth of the brooder at night. Then one wing is clipped and they go into the "range," areas of grass, wild grain and brush enclosed in eight-foot fences. In three more weeks the wing feathers grow in and the birds start fluttering over the fence. However, since they tend to run along next to the outside of the fence, they run into dead-ended V-traps, and are thrown back.

At the age of ten weeks they've skill and wing feathers enough to fly; thereafter they must be kept in wire-covered pens till "marketed"—that is, either hunted or sold for about \$3.50 apiece.

Schellinger sells thousands to game-bird fanciers and to other breeders, and to dog-fanciers. His

birds have been used at every American Kennel Club-licensed field trial on Long Island in a dozen years because he can provide not only fast birds in good condition, but good service: truck-delivery, decoys, blinds and experienced bird-throwers.

Besides the paid-up participants, one other group bangs away at Schellinger's ring-necks: townsmen who like both pheasant and a little private joke. When they hear in Sag Harbor that there's another big shoot over at Spring Farm, some of the boys are apt to take a morning off. If you bring your favorite 12-gauge shotgun and go down with them to the wire curtain that separates Schellinger's property from the rest of the world, you're apt to get a shot at a couple of gaudy-plumed beauties which have evaded the members of the \$1,200-a-day set.

Of course, you'll have to observe the law as to bag limit, license and season; you're in New York State, not Spring Farm.

I Cooked My Own Goose

(Continued from page 41)

fancy. My early concoctions had to do with lobster and other exotic things. Such lusting after false gods, I discovered, was more or less to be expected, like adolescent acne.

Until I turned to cooking I went to the store as infrequently as I could arrange. But as soon as the stuff that comes in paper bags ceased to be mere produce and became components in an artistic endeavor, I became interested in sources. I am now quite expert at the vegetable bins and the meat counter. I look pityingly at the matrons with their carts full of canned vegetables. I know the beet and the rutabaga, the lima bean and the carrot as the raw materials from which can be made fit victuals.

The vegetables of most households, whether fresh, frozen or canned, come to the table overcooked. We have not taken a lesson from the Chinese in this respect. It is true that the Chinese learned the advantages of undercooking from the harsh lacks of water and fuel; but just because we have unlimited gas and water is no reason for ignoring the advantages.

Take stew, for instance. The stews my wife used to make were all right, in a melange sense. But a stew should be better than all right.

Again my idea of kidney stew is isolated for convenient clipping.

I think seasonings are by their very nature the reflection of the purest individuality. It is idiotic to attempt to confine them to "tsps." and "tbls." I am no Lucius Beebe type; I regard such things as marjoram and rosemary and tarragon as suggestions for the names of Pullman cars rather than helps in the kitchen. But I do think a Lucius Beebe is an admirable fellow if he likes them and uses them. My working shelf is a stripped one, and stripped for action at that: Four salts—table, celery, onion and garlic; chili powder; poultry, sausage and seafood seasonings; mustard, wet and dry; tabasco, Worcestershire; tarragon (whoops! sorry!) vinegar; black and red pepper; paprika and chili sauce. Their use is dictated by whatever stage of abandon I happen to be in when I'm cooking; I reach and

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sprinkle and it almost always turns out well.

With which, I think, the fatherly advice can be suspended for a return to specific dishes and one man's approach to them.

The Thanksgiving turkey last year was one of my enterprises. We were to have guests. Honest pride compelled me to make the dinner a Rodgers and Hammerstein production. There was only one way in which this seemed practicable to me: By a concentration on the fowl. I have long been convinced that the housewife, when embarked on the preparation of a holiday dinner, spends too much time on the trimmings.

The cookbooks were no help with the stuffing. They listed five basic forms with a dozen or so variations. They were dogmatic about it, leaving me with no choice but to close my eyes and plunge.

What I came up with combined wild rice, chestnuts, green pepper, spring onions and the broth from the oysters. It was so completely unorthodox, in fact, that I have forgotten the precise steps of its minuet; but I have every confidence that I could go into the kitchen right now and come up with better than a reasonable facsimile. The stuffing was a huge success or my four guests were extraordinarily polite; it is a provable fact that, while a lot of the turkey remained after dinner, there was not to be found so much as a single grain of the rice.

But the pleasures of that success were minimized by still another discovery which made me know why stout Cortez fell silent upon that peak in Darien. I had been taught that there is no law against combining two or three forms of a given dish to make something better. My wife blanched when I started shaving chestnuts into the wild rice; when I added the oyster liquid she gulped and left the room. But at eating time, she made like a very attractive pig.

I would admonish the male, at this juncture, to drive the female from the kitchen when he is at work. She will cluck and fret, otherwise, because of the afore-said obsession with measurements and the authority of the printed recipe. Let her enter after the task is finished and the meal eaten; cleaning up is women's work and they do it very handily.

One of the Jaspers I know, to make this point more concrete, is a meat loaf guy. I have dined with him three times; every time his wife has told me that he made the

dinner all by himself; every dinner has been the same—meat loaf, escalloped potatoes and canned asparagus. Now this Jasper's meat loaf leans heavily on bread crumbs. It is remindful of the hamburger mixture I made in my youth while traveling with a carnival as third cook: One pound hamburger to three pounds of flour, to be moistened, mixed, fried and foisted off on the yahoos.

Came the day when I decided to make a meat loaf. I had the



Cocktail Sauce

COVER the bottom of a bowl with onion, garlic and celery salt in approximately equal quantities. Add a good chili sauce, preferably one made with tabasco. Mix. Add chili powder and poultry seasoning. Sprinkle horse radish over the whole—fresh horse radish. Mix again. Add tabasco sauce (and if you measure it by the drop you ought to be stuffed in your own oven and left there, at 550° F.), Worcestershire and, if you have my kind of courage, a touch of red pepper. Mix again and chill. The lemon juice, in the name of decency, should not be an ingredient, but should be squeezed over the oysters far enough in advance so they can steep in it.

butcher grind me three quarters of a pound of beef and a quarter pound of pork. I chopped the celery and pepper and onion together. I whipped up a couple of eggs. I churned the lot in a mixing bowl. My wife said from the doorway, "How about the bread crumbs?" I said something about bread crumbs being for sparrows. I made a loaf of the mixture and put it in the precise center of a much larger baking pan, so that the heat would attack it from five untouched sides. When I had finished I had a meat loaf, crisp and succulent, rather than a loaf with meat in it.

One of the singular things about this female heckling is the inability of the hecklers to learn. The meat loaf was eaten heartily and appreciated. But only two days

later, when I started an experiment involving chicken breast (and entitled "Cover Your Bosom, Dearie") she was in the same doorway, with the same look of terrified concern on her snub-nosed pan.

What I was doing was also for a guest night. It required a chicken breast to a customer. I dumped some olive oil into a skillet and shaved garlic into it. The heckler wanted to know what that was for. I told her I was shooting for a new hair tonic. I added mustard, the kind with horse radish in it, tabasco, divers salts and Worcestershire. With a lot of mixing I had one of the most repulsive looking pastes I have ever seen. My heckler said so. I did not taste the stuff; I knew somehow that it was right. I made each portion of chicken a comfortable brassiere and let the broiler take over. Some 40 minutes later I had a dish that partly condones the elemental stupidity of the chicken; the miscellaneous flavors had been drawn up until they were savored in the depths of the flesh. I had followed no known recipe; I would not have been able to repeat what I had done had not the heckler, with no indication of remorse for skepticism, made notes on the procedure immediately after dinner.

In the matter of recipes, it could be that I have spoken too harshly. I do not say they are without value in all instances. Some of the best signposts to good food are to be found in the newspapers—the recipe-a-day column, say, on the women's page.

Having demonstrated the recipe as a delusive elephant pit, I will attempt to rationalize. Everything I have here described is food as I make it. My sincerest advice to any man who plans to follow me into the kitchen—or who is already there—is to read my recipes once, tear them up and get at cooking for himself. Any attempt to set down a book of rules for another male cook would have the impertinence of the 110-shooter telling Sam Snead his stance is wrong. When I started I listened to nobody. I rolled up my sleeves and got truculent, like a man whose wife's been insulted by somebody he can lick. I made a slew of mistakes and they have been part of the fun.

In this, my third year as a cook, I live by a simple credo, which, whenever I am in the kitchen, goes on in my brain like a neon sign:

"If it sounds like a good idea it'll probably make good eating; if it sounds preposterous it may make great eating; however it sounds, go for yourself."

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Duel at Greasewood Flats

(Continued from page 46)

Ben wiped his palms against his trousers. He drew his gun and checked the number of cartridges. Each man could use what he carried in the gun. Six bullets. No more. Fire over the 200 yards that now separated them. Or wait until they moved into pistol range. The rules were simple, and deadly.

And all quite senseless, Ben reflected. When he had removed the fences at the south border, allowing Purty's stock full use of the creek, he had sought to heal the breach between the two families. Jud Purty, however, had other ideas. An expert marksman, he made it obvious to all that he hoped to antagonize Ben into continuing the Greasewood duels. Appeasement had become a nerve-wracking thing for Ben, but it had brought peace of a sort to the valley and Ben had been satisfied.

Ben slid the Colt back into its holster and blew on his fingers, made cold from the contact with the metal. The sky would soon lighten. Perhaps five minutes. It had been within the space of five minutes that the feud, dormant for 30 years, finally had erupted. Reviewing the incident, Ben wondered whether he could not have handled the situation differently when Purty and his sons rode up to the ranch house the evening before. He should have been prepared.

But he had risen from his porch chair and politely greeted the riders.

Purty had brusquely brushed this aside.

"Cole," he had declared, "we've got you dead to rights this time!" He glowered down from the saddle, a broad, heavy-shouldered man with iron gray hair and dark blustering eyes. "Davie here"—he tilted his head to the smaller of the silent youths beside him—"saw your boys putting an iron to one of our calves!"

"A little mix-up, maybe—" Ben began.

"Mix-up, hell!" Purty snapped. "A cow of ours was standin' not 30 feet away."

Ben knew that overzealous hands might have cut off a Purty calf at the creek. He also knew that the practice was not one-sided.

"I'll have one of the boys drop a calf your way in the morning," he said.

Purty snorted. "Stealin' five an' returnin' one is pretty good business!"

"That's loose talk," Ben said mildly. "Now I'm allowing my boys may have been a bit quick in claimin' a stray—"

"I'm not here to argue, Cole! I'm tellin' you to stop your damned thievin'!"

Perhaps it might have ended here, with Ben walking into the house, but several hands had drifted over from the bunkhouse, Robbie among them.

Pride forced Ben to retort. "Purty," he said stiffly, "you're a troublemaker, always have been. As such you're not welcome on my land. I'd be obliged now if you turned right around and left it."

"For a chicken-livered Cole you talk pretty big!" Purty said evenly.

Ben glanced at Robbie and the ranch hands standing to one side. The hands avoided his eyes to study the dust on their boots, their shame for him more than apparent. Robbie was glaring up at Purty.

A momentary rage swept over Ben, clouding his mind and dominating his actions. He came down the steps of the porch, his lips tightening.

"I'm asking you to take that back, Purty!" Ben said.

Jud Purty's lips curled insolently as he looked down from his horse. "If I don't I suppose you'll be askin' me out on the wagon road? Cole, I say you haven't the nerve!" He leaned forward, pointing a heavy forefinger into Ben's face. "I say it again—you haven't the nerve!"

Too late, Ben realized the true intent of Purty's visit. He stood a moment, blinking against the fading sunlight.

AT Ben's continued silence, a trace of amusement crept over Purty's broad face. "I figured as much," he said. "Like any thief, you ain't got the backbone of a jack rabbit! I'll be at Greasewood Flats in the mornin', but I'm bettin' you'll be hidin' your tail in bed!" He wheeled his horse and rode away, followed by his sons.

So there it was. Martha had come up to his room later and found him sitting on the bed, running an oily rag through the barrel of a gun long unused. He could not conceal the tremors in his fingers.

"It's not that I'm afraid," he said. He looked up at his wife. "It's

just that there's no meaning to dying this way. A man should have something to die for, something to take in trade for his life."

Though Martha's eyes were gentle with understanding, her voice, if not unkind, was sharp.

"At your age to go gun-totin' is senseless, Ben Cole! Purty doesn't expect you to, so you're not going!"

He continued cleaning the weapon.

"You're not going," she repeated. But it was more a question now, and fear edged her voice.

"When a man's been called out, Martha, ain't much he can do but go. There'd be times we'd be meeting in Greasewood, and Purty would laugh at me, maybe call me names. I might be able to turn my back to it, but what about Robbie? He'd be quick to answer a Purty boy with a gun."

Ben shook his head. "No, Martha, this is between Jud Purty and me. I don't want the children to take up our quarrel."

She sat down on the bed beside him and placed her hand over the gun. "You said a man should have something to die for. What will you be dying for tomorrow?"

He didn't answer the question, for there was no answer. He lifted her hand from the gun.

"You won't better Purty with a gun," she said. "You know that?"

He nodded. "I know."

"And you're set on going?"

"I'm set."

A roving wind swept up the wagon road, carrying the raw sweet smells of the wasteland. Dry amber light suddenly crept across the road, leaving bronze shadows and dusty buildings, and the dark forms in the shadows emerged as people. And Ben saw Doc Johnson standing on the wooden steps of the saddle shop, the old man's pale eyes peering worriedly in his direction. Further down the road were ranch hands, leaning against buildings, squatting in the dust, all waiting, and a sign swung before the wind and below the sign a fat man in a white apron stood shielding his eyes, looking down the road at Jud Purty.

It was all real now, and for Ben the scene held an air of finality. He saw Purty standing at the cedars, stiffly erect, his arm outstretched, and suddenly a puff of yellow dust spurted from the road, some 30 yards ahead. The report of the gun reverberated in the crisp air.

For a brief moment Ben gazed at the dust drifting across the road, then he moved forward, matching Jud Purty's cautious pace.

He had taken perhaps five steps



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when a bullet hummed over his head, then another. Still another snapped at the dust, a few feet to one side.

A nasal voice called out. "He's gamblin', Cole! Don't be wastin' yours! Wait 'till you're half as far!"

Ben nodded without turning his head. The range was much too great, even for Purty. He moved on, slowly, the sun now in his eyes, the cool sweat prickling his skin. He watched the bead of sunlight in Purty's outstretched hand, saw a wisp of pale smoke writhing from it. The distance was still more than 100 yards and the bullet struck a stone in the road ahead, ricocheting wildly over Ben's head.

Suddenly a tremendous hope filled Ben. Jud Purty was wasting his bullets. One bullet left. When he fired again Ben could turn and walk away, and the duel would be over. Purty would live but his mouth would be sealed as effectively as if he had died on the road. And Robbie and the Purty boys would have mutual respect for each family.

That sixth bullet! Ben moved more slowly now, gauging the distance carefully, bending slightly at the waist, offering a smaller target, his will to live suddenly strong. Perhaps Jud Purty was missing deliberately. Perhaps. . .

Seventy yards of sunwashed road separated the two men when Purty's sixth bullet rifled through the buckle of Ben's belt and probed flesh and bone beyond. In the brief instant that followed, standing there in the harsh sunlight, the sweat drenching his shirt and rolling down his legs, Ben thought: *So it's like this, no pain*. Then a hot steel shaft prodded deep within him and the wagon road and the silent faces in the shadows were enveloped in a descending mist.

He was still standing, vaguely aware that no one was moving toward him, that he had given no indication of his hurt. Waves of pain struck repeatedly, until it seemed whatever held him on his feet would surely burst and he must collapse. But somehow through the pain came an obstinacy that refused to accept this as the end.

That it *was* the end he had little doubt, but that it should be an intangible contribution to the Greasewood feud. . .

Slowly, the mist rolled back. He moved forward and Jud Purty was a wavering shape that drew closer. Ben continued, one step, then another, nauseous from the effort of moving his limbs. What he hoped to accomplish by prolonging the

torment he did not know. But in a deep recess of his mind a voice repeated a man needed something to die for. And so far he had nothing. He moved one leaden foot, then the other, his eyes on Purty.

And suddenly Purty stood before him, sweat streaking the heavy impassive face, no sign of fear, a muscle twitching alongside the jaw. His arms were at his side, the gun hanging from limp fingers. Purty, helpless, waiting.

Ben raised his gun, centering it squarely on the broad chest. He watched the man stiffen, his breathing halted. He could now squeeze the trigger, taking Purty with him. Both would die. Then it would be Robbie against a Purty son in the future. His Robbie, dying in the wagon road.

The futility of the thing, the unmeaningness of his own dying. It was a torment cutting through physical pain, and it carried with it a bitterness directed at the man responsible.

"It's my right," Ben whispered, and his words thickened with the torture deep within him.

"So get on with it!" Purty snarled. He blinked his eyes against the sweat beading and breaking over his forehead.

And why not, Ben thought. His finger tightened on the trigger.

"Don't do it, pa!"

Ben had not noticed the gathering circle of faces—Doc Johnson, Robbie, Purty's sons, other faces. Through the pain clouding his brain he saw Robbie white-lipped, eyes wide with fright.

Ben understood the boy's feelings. It's one thing to shoot an armed man 50 yards away, and something else to kill a helpless Purty a few feet distant. Suddenly it came to Ben that he held a



"I'm looking for something that doesn't leave rings on the furniture"

power, and that it could be bartered, that even in dying he might yet take something in trade for his life.

"Boy," he said, and now he struggled to fight off the weakness within him, to conceal this weakness from the others. "Boy, it's my right to pull this trigger. Listen to me, boy. I'll put this gun down if you promise never to fence off the creek, if you promise never to raise your gun against a Purty. I'm speaking now of the time I might not be with you."

Hurry, boy, hurry. No time. Robbie slowly nodded. "All right, pa."

"The same promise—" Ben said, and he turned his head to Purty's sons. They stood sober and silent. "Your pa's life if you never raise your gun against a Cole. And it's a man's word you'll be giving me."

"We're askin' no favors from a Cole," Purty snapped. "You boys keep your mouths shut!"

To be cheated of victory at the end—Ben's voice shook with his anger. "Purty, you might be a brave man but you're a foolish one. In one second I'm going to pull this trigger 'less your kin makes the promise!"

It was Purty's eldest son who stepped forward. "Use your head, pa. You ain't no good to anybody dead. . . . Davie and me promise, Mister Cole!"

BEN dropped the gun at Purty's feet. Slowly he released his breath, hearing the quick murmur of voices as he closed his eyes and slipped forward into the dust of the wagon road. There was little pain now, only a languorous warmth, and an awareness his head was being cushioned in someone's arm. For an infinite time he seemed suspended in a vast dimness, with a faraway voice annoyingly insistent.

"... Pa, listen to me. . . ."

Rough probing hands brought a stabbing pain. Ben tried to tell the hands to stop but he couldn't speak. He strove to sink back into the luxury of the dimness, but a hand was squeezing his.

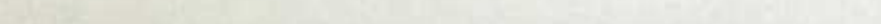
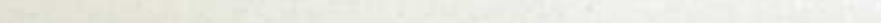
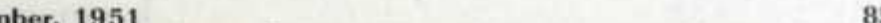
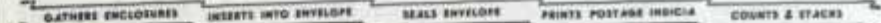
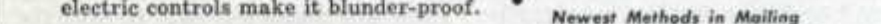
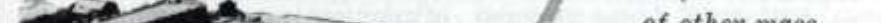
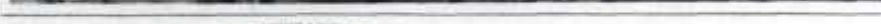
"Pa, the doc says to hold tight! Like you did on the road. . . . You hear me, pa? An even chance if you hold on. Walk the road, pa! Fight against it!"

Ben understood then, and he struggled against the pain. Behind the darkness of his lids his eyes sought for a Purty and the wagon road. The road was dark, Purty a faint, faraway shadow. It was a long way to go. But he had as much to fight for as before.

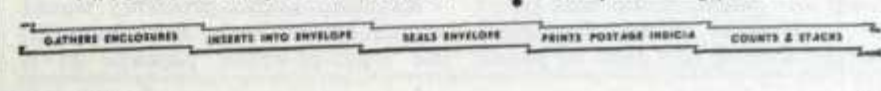
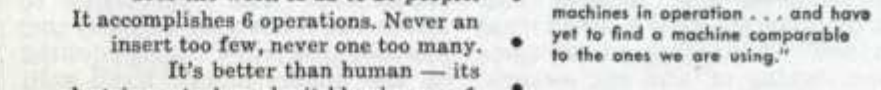
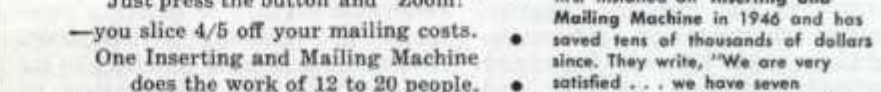
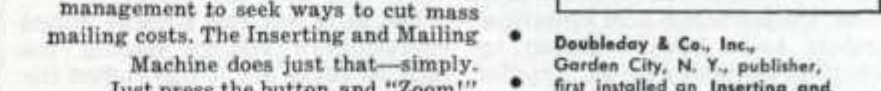
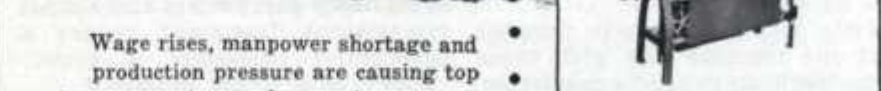


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All-purpose Boat of the Bayous

By GEORGE N. HEBERT

IN 1899, two years before he discovered Big Hill and the fabulous Spindletop oil field in Beaumont, Texas, Anthony F. Lucas explored Anse La Butte, near Lafayette, La. He traveled by horseback and pirogue, depending on whether or not his exploratory operations demanded his leaving a substantial prairie land footing for the bottomless muck of a typical Louisiana marsh.

Fifty years later there remains just one familiar link with these crude beginnings of oil exploration. Lucas' simple trend and anticlinal theories have been replaced by such unpronounceable oil "smeller outers" as the airborne magnetometer, photogeology, micropaleontology, and microstratigraphy. Radioactivity and neutron logs have proved more practical methods of locating an oil dome than tracing oil and gas seepage. The horse has lost its popularity. Today, helicopters, airplanes and trucks transport oilmen to the "jump off" point. Even this point has undergone some geological changes during the past 50 years.

But, although the prairie might have become marsh or vice versa, there still remains just one means of practical transportation to navigate a Louisiana swamp—the pirogue.

A south Louisiana pirogue is, to the uninitiated, the most contrary of all water-borne craft. The widest point of its 13½' length measures a scant 24" and just one look at its nasty narrowness and almost nonexistent freeboard causes a prospective passenger to growl: "Give it back to the Indians!"

Not only has the pirogue defied evolutionary change during the past 50 years but it has ruffled the venerable dignity of drifting centuries by ignoring civilization's frustrated attempts to improve its capabilities. The concessions to advancing modernity made by this glorified tree trunk can be counted on the fingers of one hand with sufficient digits left over to hold its featherweight body aloft to demonstrate the explanation.

Anthony Lucas probably would scream should he be introduced to the high-powered passage of a

wave-topping crew boat, or the lumbering noisiness of the clumsy, motor-driven marsh buggy. He would—should he be resurrected to the scene of his early oil explorations—embrace the pirogue, the only recognizable piece of equipment he'd find.

Pirogue is a derivative of piragua, from the Carib Indian dialect. Although, with few exceptions, the craft is found only in the marshy south Louisiana area it is not, by any means, an invention of the Evangeline country's Cajun inhabitants as is popularly supposed.

It is an aboriginal invention which was used extensively by the Indians all along the Atlantic slope of the United States, the lower Mississippi Valley and certain sections of the north and central Pacific Coast, as well as the Caribbean basin and certain valleys of tropical America.

It was adopted by the Europeans in Louisiana and therefore the date of its earliest appearance among the Acadian ancestors is contemporaneous with their advent in the areas where it was used by the Indians.

The original, Indian-made pirogue actually was the hollowed trunk of a cypress tree. Indians would select a tree, fell it by burning away the bottom of the trunk, then they would coat the exterior with mud and burn out the interior to the shape of a boat.

When the French first came to Louisiana they brought with them hand axes and foot adzes. With the advent of these tools building went on a production-line basis and the unwieldy craft soon were rolling into the bayous at the rate of one every four or five days.

In general structure, the pirogue of the 20th century is a recognizable kin to that of the 1700's. Pointed at both bow and stern; slender to an extreme; constructed out of cypress planks, it has keelless bottom and light weight which assure buoyancy in water scarcely deep enough to hide a crawfish hole.

Pirogue trails are no more than shallow depressions in the matted, tropic growth which clothes Louisiana marshes.

Guides, trappers and native oil field roustabouts use push-poles as a means of locomotion. The pusher grasps his pole about midway; places the foot end into the mud and walks the remaining length of the pole hand over hand, giving an extra shove and disengaging the pole from the mud at the time he reaches the end.

Abundance of game fowl makes

Louisiana one of the most popular spots in the nation for sports gunning, but the big flights which traverse the deep marsh couldn't be intercepted if it weren't for the aid of a pirogue. Trappers, from 1700, have yet to find a more efficient means for running trap lines which stretch out for miles over hip-deep mire and decayed undergrowth.

Deep in bayou country near legendary old New Orleans are interlacing waterways where Jean Lafitte conducted his nefarious activities during the young years of Louisiana's romantic history. On one of these, Bayou Barataria, an annual pirogue derby is held.

Lafitte, in addition to the smaller dugouts, used cargo pirogues—huge vessels carved from the prime of the forest, each of them capable of handling 40 men or a couple of tons of contraband.

THE racing pirogues which gather on Bayou Barataria each year are far different from the carriers used by Louisiana's king of corsairs. Last year's winner measured 22' in length and boasted an 18" beam. Its builder and paddler, Herbert Creppel, a disabled veteran of World War II and an oil company employe, skimmed across the water and past the goal boat for his third victory and permanent possession of the G. H. Ellis champion trophy presented by the Louisiana Pirogue Racing Association.

Some visitors to bayouland remark that a pirogue can be pushed through a heavy dew. My Cajun acquaintances chuckle when they hear this. Any of them will tell you that their craft will navigate without benefit of either dew or push-pole. Each has at one time or another hitched his hollowed "tree trunk" to a mule and used it as a sled when gathering corn. And, when this chore was finished, it would be dragged beneath the pump and used for a watering trough to slake the mule's thirst.

Toddlers are cleansed in a pirogue flooded with water. When one has completed many years of useful activity it will either be shoved under the house—a length of rope attached to make it easy to pull it out—and placed at the disposal of egg laying hens; or, it may be turned over and used as a shelter for the ever-present hound dogs.

A pirogue is as much a part of Louisiana tradition as the Battle of New Orleans where, by the way, a portion of the breastworks was made of—you guessed it—pirogues.



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The Town that Sold Itself Safety

(Continued from page 38)

the force saw him on accident investigation—a chore that both sickened and frustrated him as he found himself returning frequently to the same nastily hazardous intersections to measure still another set of skidmarks smeared with blood.

Suspecting that such places needn't be quite that hazardous, he began to read up on traffic engineering and, in time, cajoled his superiors into letting him try to do something about it.

Vividly he recalls the combination of glee and buck ache with which he first sat down at an unfamiliar desk equipped with nothing but a pencil, a scratch pad and a great desire to make safer sense out of Utica's traffic.

Nobody ever had analyzed the department's piled-up traffic records, looking for when, where and why. For weary months Martucci waded through, charting each intersection for character of accidents, kind of traffic control, type of damage, day of week, time of day, weather, and all the other data essential to sound traffic analysis.

Utica—born, police-trained, he knew this maze of streets intimately, but it took more weeks of monotonous traffic counts and speed-and-delay checks to give him his bearings. When the committee called on Sullivan, Martucci was as ready to go into operation as a kid is to get out of bed Christmas morning.

Utica's streets are as cockeyed as ever. But Martucci eschewed early dreams of by-passes and widenings in favor of realistic use of the streets as they stood. With miles of new street paint and gumption, synchronized red lights and savvy, STOP signs and mother wit, he now has Utica traffic running almost as smoothly—which means safely—as the miniature cars in General Motors' World's Fair Futurama.

Oneida Square, the place that so daunted the elderly woman, almost beat him. Early in the deal Utica was visited by a consultant traffic engineer who looked the Square over, observed the way its five distinct influxes tangled moving vehicles, and confessed he could suggest nothing except maybe pedestrian underpasses.

Martucci thanked him, posted on the wall behind his desk a huge plan of the square to make sure it

would constantly haunt him. It became a principal sport among such safety-minded Uticans as Andy Treiber to drop into Martucci's basement office, hear his latest notion of how maybe to disentangle the thing, stare at the chart and pick flaws. For months, even years, there always were flaws in plenty.

The harassed lieutenant even worked on bench jobs for two weeks in the plant that makes Utica's traffic signals to be sure he knew exactly what could and could not be done with them. Last January the agony paid off. His final model of the Square, disciplined with strict No-Left-Turns, a couple of Walk-Wait arrangements and hand-tailored red-and-greens of most unconventional style convinced the city fathers that he had the problem licked. He had.

The first six months of 1949 saw ten accidents around Oneida Square, six involving injuries. The first six months after Martucci installed his brainchild saw two accidents, only one injury.

Necessary rerouting of vehicles and pedestrians and revision of parking have storekeepers in the vicinity either beaming or steaming, depending on whether they think they won or lost. A barman beefs because the homing businessmen who used to park and have a couple while traffic cleared, now find it handier to go straight home.

A merchant bitterly denies that the Square ever had many accidents and blames Martucci, by name and heated description, for a recent 15 per cent drop in business.

But just as many others call the new arrangement a blessing. No matter whose ox is gored, it remains true that the average cost of a Utica injury claim is \$580 and, in the long run, preventing ten injuries a year at the Square saves Uticans as a whole close to \$6,000.

Martucci already had licked several other things to the same tune. His four-way STOP signs at minor intersections have yearly accidents there down from 61 to 11, injuries down from 11 to three. New lighting on a main northward artery reduced annual injuries from 42 to 13. A while back he thought of studying at a noted police traffic school. But, when he looked into it, they said glad to have you, you'd meet interesting men in your own line. But we

couldn't teach you much you don't know already.

One of the things he knows already is never to make a change in traffic controls without charting the whole thing up in five or six colors and showing it persuasively to the alderman of the ward containing the trouble spot, who will be target for the squawks.

In her battle for traffic safety Utica has had another invaluable asset in her twin Gannett newspapers, the *Daily Press* and the *Observer-Dispatch*, with long-standing traffic policies far out ahead of the community. They have played up consistently such issues not only in sporadic wolf-shouting features but as high potential news, sticking right out of the page with crisp headlines and detailed coverage. Last spring, in fact, the *Observer-Dispatch* devoted its entire front page—in the middle of the MacArthur hearings—to a shocker-layout of pictures and text about the six child injuries occurring in traffic since New Year's Day.

But then, tact and preparation have meant almost everybody getting fruitfully into the act, auto dealers, radio stations, service clubs, veterans' organizations.

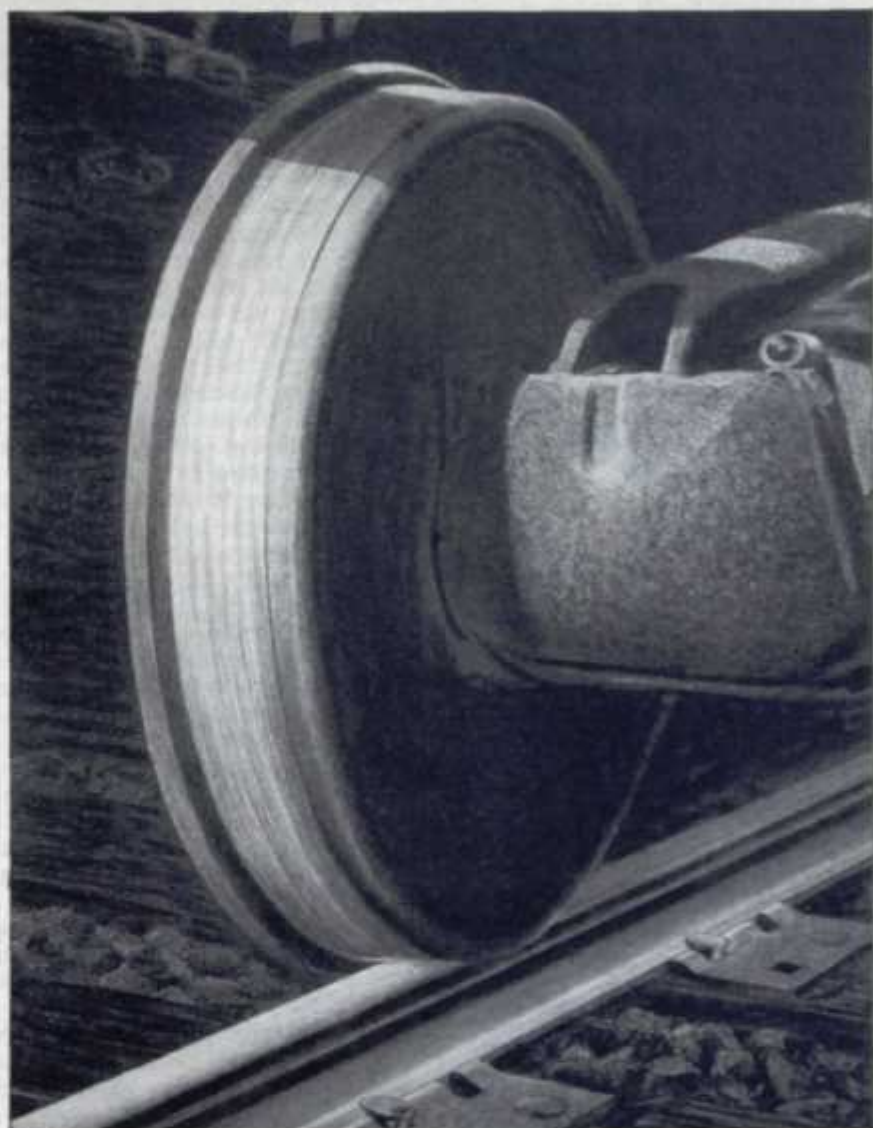
Utica has seen, for instance, a huge service club campaign of father-son and father-daughter safe-driving pledges, and processions of local undertakers' ambulances and hearses grimly labeled, "Drive carefully or ride with us." Her Boy Scouts tuck under the windshield wipers of parked cars yellow tags of the size, shape and color of police parking tags, on which the outraged owner hastily reads:

"While you were parked, you were a pedestrian. DON'T LET DEATH TAKE YOUR HOLIDAY."

The scouts have also haunted the downtown section, silently handing jaywalkers cards bearing the latest pedestrian safety slogan, such as a, "Wanna be next?" gag developed last year in a public contest.

Every Christmas shopping season, they guard pedestrian crosswalks with poles bearing red flags that are lowered to match the red lights.

So far only one woman has slapped a boy's face for keeping her from risking her life. These misfires do occur: a stunt of displaying at prominent points wrecked cars labeled with cause of accident elicited strong protest from a man who recognized his own smashed-up heap and indignantly denied that, as the placard



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alleged, he had been drunk when it happened. But the idea was sound. And nothing at all misfired in the "Mr. Jay" gag that Utica borrowed from Dayton and Youngstown, Ohio:

The American Legion and its Ladies' Auxillary supplied a daily Mr. or Miss Jay purposely to misbehave in downtown Utica and get identified for \$5 prizes. Generous publicity in press and radio had every other kid in town out looking for five easy dollars, joined by so many adults that jaywalkers found themselves having to deny that they were Mr. or Miss Jay.

For daily wear, Utica crosswalks are ornamented with huge yellow footprints carrying the sinister, locally developed slogan:

"Walking against the light is a GRAVE step."

Between this and that, Utica pedestrians rate among the best behaved—meaning safest—in the nation, whereas only a few years ago they were almost as notorious for just not giving a hoot.

No such crusade is perfect. Utica high schools recently have doubled their driver-training capacity—one of the best long-run ways to step up local safety—but coverage is still inadequate.

Nobody has yet figured out how to keep many kids from flooding across against the lights when school lets out.

Local reporting of noninjury accidents, though better, is still sluggish, which robs Martucci of valuable data.

And the record of local convictions for drunken driving—only one last year—makes the outsider wonder if at last he has found a bone-dry town.

But every month the widely representative safety council sits down to hash it over with Sullivan, no holds barred.

Practically every month something new is tried and often it works. Or something does.

In the teeth of an eight per cent increase in local car registration, people killed or injured in Utica traffic the first half of 1951 numbered exactly the same as in the already drastically reduced first half of 1950.

It is not surprising that several of the insurance outfits that left Utica in 1947 are now back, and new ones have entered the field. When that situation started to come full circle, Gilmour, Treiber and company were most understandably pleased. For a while there they thought they might have to change the name of the place to Doghouse, N. Y.

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NOTEBOOK

Electronic brain, small size

ALTHOUGH the electronic brain has now learned to fly, it is still a moron, according to the Computer Research Corporation of Torrance, Calif.

"It can do only what it is told, can make decisions only on information man gives it—and has no imagination."

Moreover, if it gets unbearably intelligent, man has only to pull the plug, and it is only an inanimate thing of wires, tubes and motors.

Computer Research is qualified to speak with authority on this subject because it has just developed a "brain" which, in spite of its name—50 integrator electronic digital differential analyzer—is still light enough for use in airplanes.

North American Aviation, Inc., is using it to test airborne components in a flying laboratory.

Unlike the usual electronic brain which is about as mobile as the city hall, this one is the size of an office desk and could be operated from an ordinary wall plug.

Although its makers agree that it may never be a home necessity, they do see various plant and office applications which will serve to put the automatic factory considerably less far away.

States levy taxes, too

STATE tax collections this year will reach \$8,900,000,000, according to figures compiled by Commerce Clearing House. This is 12.6 per cent higher than the record total of 1950 and more than double the state take in 1945.

Every state except Nebraska reported higher revenues with California, which took \$958,000,000, leading the list. New York was second with \$914,000,000.

On a per capita basis, however, citizens of these states fared better than those in Louisiana and Washington where the average state levy on individuals was \$97.66 and

\$95.03. The per capita payments in California and New York were \$90.50 and \$61.65.

New Jersey held its position as the state with the lowest per capita levy with \$34.74.

Reserving towns for humans

SOMETHING new in bird sanctuaries—proposed by non-lovers of birds—is being considered in New Jersey. The idea is that, if the place were made sufficiently attractive, the starlings which now infest Montclair, Orange and West Orange might take to the country. The starlings have not been consulted.

Nothing else has seemed to work, although imitation owls wired with recorded hoots did the trick for a short time.

Other cities have been having bird troubles, too. In Newton, Mass., the city forester armed with a high-pressure tree sprayer literally blew the pigeons out of town; and New York relaxed municipal regulations against trapping when pigeons in Lewisohn Stadium showed their aversion to high notes of the concert orchestras by flying over the musicians and their audiences.

Detroit adjusted two loud speakers to emit 10,000 to 11,000 cycle whistles which birds could hear but humans couldn't. The birds merely moved to spots where even they couldn't hear the whistles.

Composite scientist

GENERAL Aniline & Film Corporation has just completed a survey which, while it may not help companies in need of scientists find the men they seek, should at least show them the type of man they are looking for.

The company polled its own scientists and thus came up with a description of the typical American researcher.

He is, the company reports, just under 35, five feet nine inches tall, weighs about 160, is married and

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has two children. He has at least a B.S. degree, probably a Ph.D. and holds, alone or with associates, three patents and has two patents pending. He understands from one to six foreign languages.

To simplify the search, General Aniline reports that he is more likely to be found in church or the movies than at concerts. He shoots about 106 on the golf course, prefers bowling as an indoor sport and swimming when weather permits.

He thinks that we will have a third world war unless the peoples of the world have the scientists' appreciation of the power of science to destroy them.

But, if he had it all to do over again, he would still be a scientist.

Apology

IN OUR August issue we described what seemed to us a clever retail practice of putting pictures of store employees on sales slips and other store printed matter and rewarding customers who turned in a full set of pictures. We credited this innovation to Keith O'Brien in Salt Lake City.

Now we have two letters regarding it. The first from the syndicate from which we bought the item: "We had considerable trouble with the correspondent who submitted this item because, while his items were factually correct, he frequently named the wrong store or city."

The second is from Keith O'Brien: "We have never carried on a practice of this nature."

These paragraphs are by way of a double apology—to Keith O'Brien, and to the store which actually should have had the credit.

A catalog of facilities

WHEN the Army-Navy E award was presented to the Sun Rubber Company of Barberton, Ohio, in 1944, the ceremony was held on Sunday to avoid loss of production time. Today the company boasts that it is again ready to produce or help produce defense materials.

It announces this readiness in an attractive brochure addressed to government buying agencies, contractors seeking subcontractors or anyone needing rubber production.

Text and pictures combine to explain present products, World War II record, machinery and equipment; buildings, layout and construction; transportation facilities; personnel; financial resources and plant protection.

Obviously the company is still

saving production time. Reading the booklet won't substitute for an interview or a trip through the plant but it should answer many necessary but time-consuming questions for purchasing officers.

Getting out the scrap

IN 1950 the steel industry and foundries consumed 29,500,000 tons of scrap. This year, consumption is at the rate of 36,000,000 tons. Unless scrap recoveries are increased, a serious shortage is possible.

To prevent this, senior steel company executives have formed the Steel Industry Scrap Mobilization Committee with Robert W. Wolcott as chairman.

As its first step the committee will mobilize some 2,000 steel company representatives to comb the nation's industrial plants for iron and steel scrap. The representatives will help chambers of commerce to organize local industrial scrap mobilization committees as the National Production Administration has requested, and will help in local drives.

In each locality a steel company representative will be available to act as adviser to the scrap group. Representatives of steel warehouses throughout the country will participate in this activity.

School for baseball

ALTHOUGH baseball's annual reign as the country's major outdoor sport ended with the World Series, the season will be just beginning for some 1,200 boys between ten and 18 years old.

These boys, chosen by cooperating welfare agencies, will attend the American Baseball Academy, sponsored by business and industrial leaders as a new means of attack on juvenile delinquency.

The Academy will offer daily instruction in a New York armory from Nov. 5 to Feb. 15, with a faculty of eight major league players headed by Phil Rizzuto, New York Yankee's shortstop, who is president of the nonprofit organization.

Among the businessman sponsors are Ward Melville, president of Melville Shoe Corporation, chairman of the board; John J. Bergen, chairman, Childs restaurants, treasurer; S. Ralph Lazrus, chairman, Benrus Watch Co.; Malcolm Child, author of the book "How to Play Big League Baseball"; Paul S. Ames, broker; Herbert Barchoff, vice president, Eastern Brass and Copper Company; Leslie M. Cassidy, chairman, Johns-Manville; A.

Wallace Chauncey, vice president and treasurer, Interchemical Corporation; Fred F. Florence, president, and Ben. C. Ball, vice president, Republic National Bank of Dallas; William B. Given, Jr., chairman, American Brake Shoe Company; Bernard F. Gimbel, president, Gimbel Brothers; Frank J. Hale, president, National Grain and Yeast Corporation; Carl M. Loeb, Jr., vice president, Climax Molybdenum Company; Alfred E. Lyon, chairman, Philip Morris, Limited; Gen. John Williams Morgan of Enoch Morgan and Sons; and Jack I. Straus, president, R. H. Macy and Company.

The first school will serve as a pilot operation after which the plan is to expand the school in New York and to organize similar schools in other cities.

Bridges win beauty contest

ENTRANTS from Washington, Tennessee and Illinois have just received stainless steel plaques as winners in a beauty contest which had no leering crowds, no bathing suits and 97 of the calmest entries that ever posed for their photographs.

The contest, which has been conducted annually since 1928, was for steel bridges opened to traffic last year. Judges were architects and engineers. The winners were:

Class I, for bridges with spans of 400 feet or more: Columbia River Bridge, Wenatchee, Wash.; Class II, bridges with spans less than 400 feet costing more than \$500,000: South Holston River Bridge, Sullivan County, Tenn.; Class III, bridges with spans under 400 feet costing less than \$500,000: Caldwell Avenue Bridge over Edens Expressway, Cook County, Ill.

Six other entrants received honorable mention.

Playground on wheels

DETROIT children no longer have to go looking for the playground. Now it comes to them.

According to the American Society of Planning Officials, the playmobile was donated by a local civic group. Built on a truck bed, it is about 22 feet wide and 16 feet long. It has a built-in sand box, a slide, four baby swings and four small tables which are used for crafts, checkers, and the like.

A trained leader from the city's department of parks and recreation accompanies the playmobile on its trips, telling stories, organizing games and classes in crafts and giving safety patrol instruction.



Remember when women began smoking in public? That was back in the early '20's—about the time Will Hays became "czar" of the movie industry and Kenesaw Mountain Landis took over the reins of big league baseball.

Call 'em the good old days if you like—and you'll have lots of company. But suggest turning back time for, say, 30 years—and see how many takers you'll find. Not many, you can be sure.

Why? For one thing, people have worked hard to make your community what it is today. They've campaigned successfully for better schools and medical facilities, for more efficient government, for a healthy business climate—in fact, for anything that would make your community a better place to live and work. And they're proud of what they've done.

But people alone don't make a better community. People working together do. That's where your chamber of commerce comes in. It's the rallying point for those who want a hand in shaping their community's tomorrow.

How about you? Are you ready to pitch in? If so, your chamber of commerce executives will tell you about membership.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

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A Plucked Bird Lays No Eggs



THE GOOSE that lays golden eggs on the U. S. Treasury's doorstep with faithful regularity is running into trouble. It's been producing tax eggs at an all-out rate, and yet its production seems not to be enough. One of the country's foremost authorities on taxes has been studying this situation. Here is what he finds:

"I am convinced that we have already reached the point of diminishing returns, so far as the income tax is concerned, and that any further revenue to be raised must come from an entirely new form of taxation. I believe that any further increase in income taxes will not only discourage the taxpayer from any effort to produce further income, but will also encourage businesses to become extravagant, wasteful and inefficient."

THESE are not the remarks of an unfriendly critic of the Administration. They are conclusions drawn by Sen. Walter F. George of Georgia, a Democrat and chairman of the Senate's Finance Committee. He goes on to tell the Senate that:

"There have been frequent discussions of what the total tax 'take' may be without doing injury to our economy. There is no fixed limit; the limit is to be found only when the tax 'take' destroys the incentive of the people and when it leads to every conceivable effort to evade and to wasteful practices by the taxpayers themselves. . . . Our chief hope is to use all of our efforts to reduce nonessential federal spending."

There's a familiar ring to that last sentence. We had a pattern to reduce nonessential government

spending, complete with simple directions. Whatever happened to it—the Hoover Report?

It has been nearly three years since this report was completed and submitted to Congress, along with recommendations. It was a monumental work, directed by former President Herbert Hoover, who was assisted by Dean Acheson and one of the finest assemblies of consulting talent ever put together. The commission was bipartisan and its recommendations were unanimous.

The report pointed out clearly the need for reorganization and it listed recommendations that would save American taxpayers a total of \$3,500,000,000 a year. Adjusted to today's size of government and inflated dollars the savings probably would exceed \$6,000,000,000—an amount just about equal to the latest increase in taxes.

The report brought a fine burst of activity. Nearly half its recommendations were put into effect during the early enthusiasm. A new General Services Administration established modern purchasing methods, as recommended. The nation got a Department of Defense, replacing the old service departments. The State Department's antiquated organization chart was overhauled. Some progress was made toward simplifying the federal budget. A few of the duplicate efforts in the Commerce Department were consolidated. General overhaul of the federal Government seemed to be well under way.

And then something happened. The stream of fresh air blowing across Washington's musty mechanisms was shut off. Last March the Citizens' Committee for the Hoover Report submitted 51 reorganization plans to the President. The White House did not even acknowledge receiving them. In Congress, hearings were held on several important recommendations contained in the report. But there was no action.

WHAT'S happened? Simply this: The recommendations acted on so far were the easy half. With the exception of the Military Unification Act, they were the less contro-

versial half. They hurt few persons. They cost few jobs. Compared with the over-all possibilities of the report, they disturbed the political pork barrel but little. And they saved little money.

But now it's a different story. We've come to the important changes recommended by Mr. Hoover and his associates. For example, reorganization of the Veterans Administration, where the Hoover investigators found such conflicting lines of authority, such confusion of red tape that it took 88 different manuals, 665 technical bulletins and 400 types of circulars to list all of its rules and regulations.

Consolidation of the Government's four major hospital systems, in which Hoover inquirers found thousands of beds empty because of a lack of doctors, while at the same time a \$1,000,000,000 hospital building program was under way.

Reorganization of the Civil Service Commission, under whose rules incompetents have become frozen into jobs by a multiple system of appeals, and the ratio of personnel workers to other government employees has become one to 78. Or the recommendations in the huge Department of Agriculture, the Post Office Department and elsewhere.

WHY is there no action? Because these are the big branches of Government. They have the force of numbers in government employees. They have influence. They are able to bring political pressures to maintain the status quo.

They are the costly branches, where the savings potential is the greatest. It is estimated more than \$4,000,000,000 could be lopped from the tax bill each year by adopting the remaining half of the Hoover Commission recommendations. But nothing is happening. The Government, wise in its experience, has adopted proved defensive tactics. It is playing a waiting game. As the Government knew it would, the public's enthusiasm has died down. So the Government waits quietly for the game to end. Meanwhile it holds the stakes—and plucks more tail-feathers from the goose that lays the golden eggs.



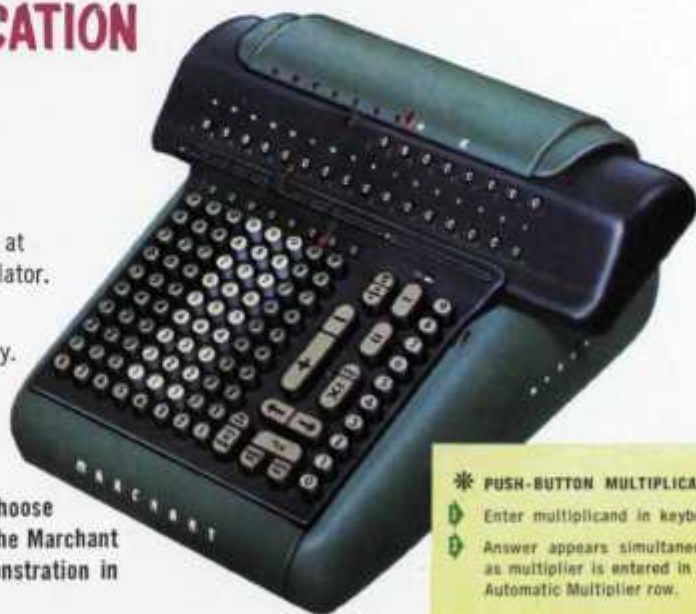
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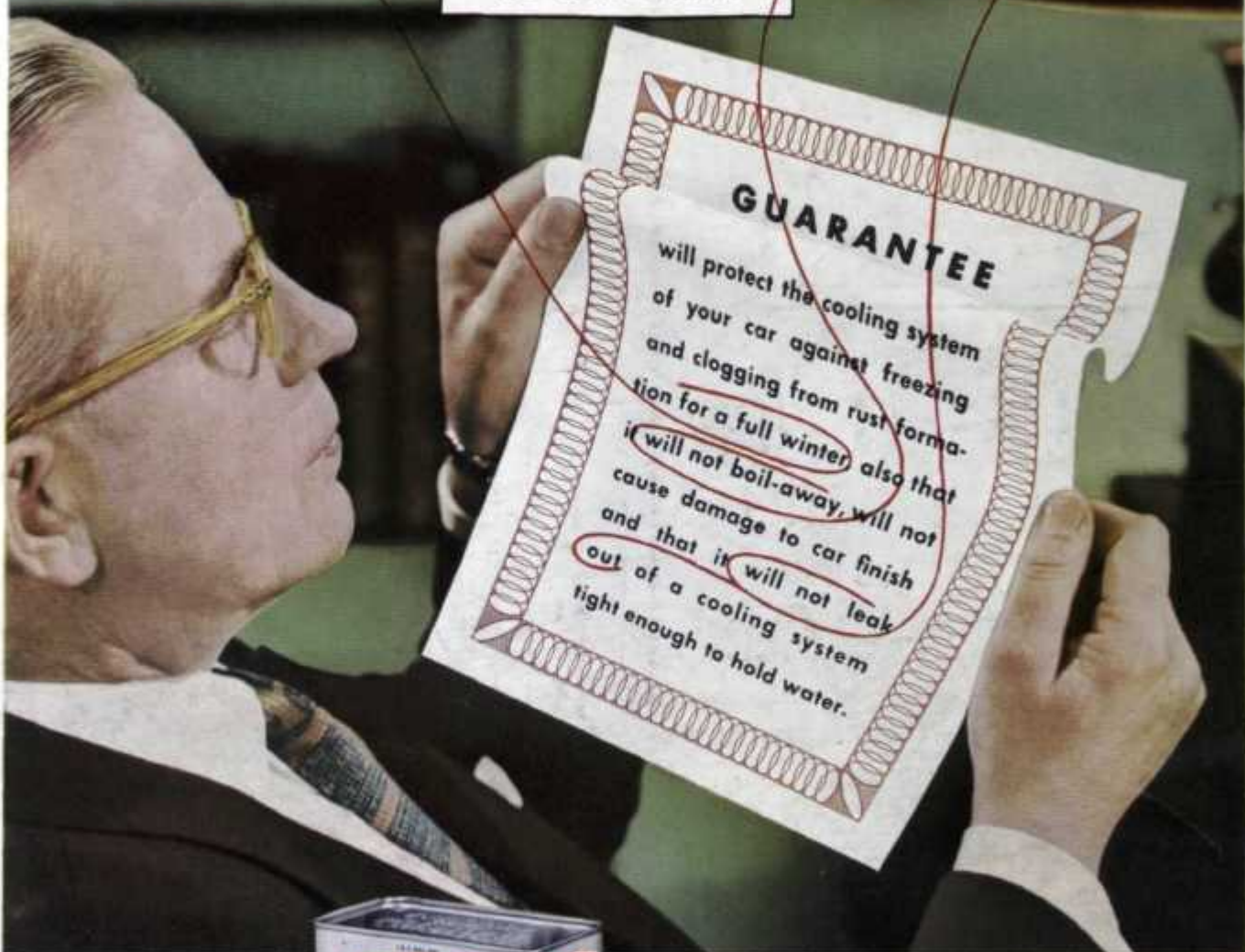
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